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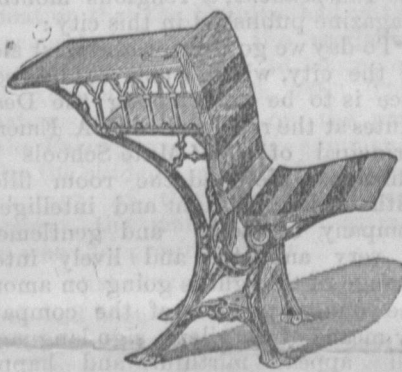


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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881.

NUMBER 10.

POETRY.

The Silent Children.

The light was low in the school-room:
The day before Christmas day
Had ended. It was darkening in the garden
Where the Silent Children play.

Throughout that House of Duty,
The soundless lessons said,
The noiseless sport suspended,
The voiceless tasks all read.

The little deaf-mute children,
And their wonderful, watchful eyes—
Gathered about the master,
Sensitive, swift to see,

With their fine attentive fingers
And their wonderful, watchful eyes—
What dumb joy he would bring them
For the Christmas eve's surprise!

The lights blazed out in the school-room:
The playground went dark as death:
The master moved in a halo:
The children held their breath:

"I'll show you now a wonder—
The 'audience,' he said,
He spoke in their silent language,
Like the language of the dead.

And answering spoke the children,
As the dead might answer too:
"But what for us, O master?
This may be good for you:

"But how is our Christmas coming
Out of a wise machine?
For not like other children's
Have our happy hours been:

"And not like other children's
Can they now or ever be!"
But the master smiled through the halo:
"Just try a mystery,

"O my children, for a little,
As those who suffer must!
Great 'tis to bear denial,
But grand it is to trust."

Then to the waiting marvel
The listening children leant:
Like listeners, the shadows
Across the school-room bent,

While Science, from her silence
Of twice three thousand years,
Gave her late salutation
To sealed human ears.

Quick signalled then the master:
Sweet sang the hidden choir:
Their voices wild and piercing,
Broke like a long desire.

That to content has strengthened,
Glad the clear strain outrang:
"Nearer to thee, oh, nearer!"
The pitying singers sang.

"Nearer to Thee, oh, nearer,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!"
Ave steno, the silent children
Heard the great harmony.

Happy that Christmas evening:
Wise was the master's choice,
Who gave the deaf-mute children
The blessed human voice.

Wise was the master's choice,
Tender his purpose dim:
Who gave His Son on Christmas,
To draw us "nearer Him."

We are all but silent children,
Denied and deaf and dumb
Before His unknown silence—
Lord if Thou wilt, we come!

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in January Wide Awake.

STORY TELLER.

JEAN GLENDOWER.

"Dear Lady Elizabeth, will you not redeem your promise now, and tell me why that grand old castle we visited yesterday is left to be the abode of owls and bats, while its master wanders in foreign lands? Look—from your east window here the setting sun is just kissing the old tower and tall chimneys 'good-night.' It is just the hour for a story; please, Lady Morton, tell me about it."

A shadow crossed the face of my beautiful old friend, and her dark eyes looked sadly across the beautiful English landscape, the fertile valleys and grand old trees, so far in the distance, where the silver river marked the bounds of De Clifton Manor.

"I will tell you the story, Leda, but it will bring a flush to your Spanish cheek, for one of your countrywomen, dear, was the cause of that beautiful home's becoming desolate, and its master a brokenhearted wanderer. Come, sit here by me, little one, and do not interrupt me, while I turn back the leaves of my life and read to you from the brightest and saddest among them.

Thirty years ago, Clifton Grange was the finest place in Somersetshire, and though not, strictly speaking, the handsomest, preserved its preeminence on the score of antiquity; plebeian feet had seldom trod its wide halls and grand old rooms. You saw yesterday what the house is—a massive pile of Byzantine architecture, with deep, pointed porches, where pillars, once crowned with statues, stand close around the outside, and where fragments of a stately figure are here and there remaining. The high old mouldering walls of rugged sculpture are gray and grisly now, but the old tower so high above them was then, as now, covered with the deep orange-russet lichen which gleams so lovely in the sunset. Behind the castle wore the garden and fruit walls, where the bloomy peach and purple grape ripened in profusion, and where may be seen here and there among the pectinate the vestiges of an old cloister arch or wall remaining. A wide terrace runs around the west front of the house, which was a favorite walk of the inmates at all seasons, for of all

the views around the old home this commanded the finest. Ah! my dear," continued Lady Elizabeth, laying her little, soft, withered hand, with the fall of rich old lace around it, on my head, "we were a merry party at the Old Grange that month! It was early winter, and Lord de Clifton, just returned from his travels, was the pleasantest host in England. There were two beautiful women with us—women whose delicate feature portrayed the fairest types of their nationality. Lalla Darst, with her wonderful power of Moorish beauty—the full, voluptuous form, and rich, red coloring of her Spanish face—and Glendower, with eyes like the blue-bells of her own bonnie Scotland, and hair tinged the sunlight that glided its mountains. There were various guests besides; guests assembled in honor of the young Scotch beauty who was soon to wear the diadem of a viscountess; for Jean and Norman de Clifton had been betrothed some months, and were to be married in a few short weeks.

"Never did I see two people more completely fettered by the 'silver chains of love,' he seemed to live only in her presence, while she—my beautiful, gentle Jean!—returned it with a passion as pure as the Dowerdale blood in her veins; her blue eyes grew almost black when he dressed her, and the lovely face was touching in his sensitiveness when he entered her presence.

"We had been at the castle three weeks: and our visit was drawing to a close: three weeks spent in every species of pleasure and amusement that the grand old place afforded. How happy we were!" repeated the old lady. "All full of hope; I first saw Sir Howard that month."

She always called the now white-haired husband of her youth "Sir Howard"—never anything more familiar or affectionate—and yet I never saw warmer, or more devoted, or wifely love than she showed on Sir Howard Morton.

"But I am telling of Jean—Jean, whom I loved as a sister, and whose happiness was as dear to me as my own. One evening—it was the 14th day of December—I shall never forget it—I entered the drawing-room somewhat later than usual, and found them all assembled; every one seemed gay and careless as usual, but when I looked at Jean—so fair and lovely in her blue velvet dress and Scottish agates—how she loved every thing belonging to her country—I felt that something was wrong. I could not tell what it was, but soon found there was a cloud between her and Norman. Miss Darst was at the piano, and the beautiful strains of her music floated through the room. She sat in the full glow of the fire-light, her rich olive dress, strewn over with golden leaves, falling in heavy folds around her; her purplish black hair was wound like a coronel around the shapely head, while the blood-red rubies on her throat and arms, and the smouldering fire in her dark eyes, remained me of Tintoret's beautiful picture, 'the Temptation,' this hidden fire and the reflected light of the ruby armlet being the only hint given of the character of the real temptress, who is otherwise represented as an angel of light.

"Lord de Clifton, his handsome Saxon face aglow with pleasure, was bending over Miss Darst, apparently absorbed in her music; it was his passion, and heretofore he and Jean, night after night, had listened to it standing in the deep embrasure of the Doric window, almost screened from view by the heavy crimson curtains. Now Capt. Dalton sat by Jean's side; and, though the blue eyes had lost much of their luminous light, and the mobile mouth was a trifle prouder, still no one who loved her less than I did would notice any change; pride spoke in every quiet glance, and her sovereignty was exercised not only over other hearts, but over her own emotions. Only once I feared she would betray herself to the careless admirers around her—as Miss Darst finished the last stanza of her song:

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers."

"Jean and I, in answer to a summons from old Lady de Clifton, crossed near the piano to see a new book of engravings; Lalla Darst's eyes shone like stars as she finished and glanced up at Lord de Clifton, whose blonde head almost touched hers.

"Does it remind you of the Alhambra?" she whispered in her broken, musical English.

"Jean heard the words, and I saw a look of anguish on her face such as few women ever know. It was gone in a moment, though, and no one noticed. Not once during that—to me—long evening did Norman de Clifton approach his affianced bride; though Capt. Dalton, whom we all believed to be engaged to Lalla Darst, hovered around her most of the evening—his dark, intelligent eyes wearing a look of trouble almost as great as Jean's.

"It was over at last; the good-nights were spoken, and all had gone off to their rooms save Jean and myself; we lingered in the drawing-room, beside the bed of glowing coals, for our usual talk—promising, as the domestics had all retired, to extinguish the centre wax-lights before we left, and not to trust them to the drowsy old porter, who slumbered in his chair by the hall door.

"My darling knelt on the warm velvet rug as soon as we were alone, and threw her arms around me in her unhappiness.

"Oh, Elizabeth, she knew him in Castile—and he never told me! They loved each other before I ever saw him—she told me this evening of the happy hours spent in the Alhambra, and how they learned to love each other. Her father took her away, and they never met until Norman and I were betrothed." She shivered as she spoke, "Shall I keep them apart? Oh, Bess, help me in my trouble! wringing her little white hands piteously.

"I took her in my arms and held her close.

"Hush, Jean! I said, in harsher tones than I ever before heard addressed to her. 'I do not believe one word of it; Lord de Clifton is a man of honor, and loves you—only you. The story this woman has told you is the coinage of her own brain. It is the diadem she covets—not Norman de Clifton's heart.

"Elizabeth, haven't you seen how he has treated me? He has not been near me this evening."

"I know it, love; I have seen it all. She had poisoned his mind, too. It will all be right to-morrow, little one."

"Bess, looking at me with startled, eager eyes, 'if I thought he loved her, I would die! Do you understand? I would die!'

"Come, Jean, let us go to our rooms. I will not talk to you any more to-night. You are not reasonable. To-morrow you will be happy again."

"I threw my arms around her and we walked slowly through the wide, dimly-lighted hall, past the sleeping porter—not yet retired—and on to the second hall; as we approached the library door we heard the subdued sound of a voice, and as we passed it heard Lalla Darst distinctly say, in low, gentle tones—

"No, Senor de Clifton, no! I cannot give you the love you ask! The fair-haired Scotch senora loves you well, and you must be true to your vows to her."

"With a smothered, gasping cry Jean started from my side and ran swiftly and noiselessly up the stairs and down the long corridor to her room. Before I reached it she had locked the door, and a low moan was my only answer when I pleaded for admittance. At last I left her to herself—but no sleep came to my eyes that night.

"Leda, my child, I never saw my sweet friend afterwards! When morning came her door was open, and she had disappeared as entirely and as noiselessly as though wafted away to the heaven she was pure enough to enter. Lord de Clifton was almost frenzied. The castle was searched, the park, and even the silent river; but if it knew the secret, it has kept it well.

"Oh, Lady Elizabeth, what could have made her leave me?" said the unhappy man. 'I loved her better than life itself!'

"You should know that, Norman de Clifton, better than any other," I answered sadly. "Jean heard your words—at least the answer you received to them—in the library last night as well as I."

"In the library—I do not understand; I was not in the library at all, yesterday."

"I told him what we had heard—and with a stony, mystified look in his eyes, Lord de Clifton sank at my feet in a swoon."

"The next day he left his home, and began his fruitless search for his lost love.

"I will find her if she is on the earth!" were his parting words. "Great heavens! To think a woman can be such a fiend, and wear a shape so fair! She was in that room alone last night; and she told me my darling loved Capt. Dalton—had confessed the truth to her, and for a few hours I believed her. Farewell, Lady Elizabeth! I will bring Jean back, if she is on the earth!" and he was gone.

"He first went to her highland home, but she had not been there, and he has never heard of her since. His mother died soon after, and the domestics deserting the old home, it has become almost a ruin."

"And Lalla Darst?" I asked.

"What of her?"

"She married a wealthy man and lives in London. I met her once after I was married. Capt. Dalton shot himself when she deserted him."

"See, dear lady! The last beam of

the setting sun is lighting up the western facade of the old building; how lovely it is!"

"Yes, my child; and its master is a broken-hearted wanderer—old before his prime because of a woman's treachery and crime."

We were both unusually quiet, that evening, and during my stay at Morton Manor I never saw the old castle across the fields and woods, and gently flowing river, without thinking of beautiful Jean Glendower.

Gardening for Mutes.

APPROVAL OF A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

Of the pleasant surprises the Journal has brought me since I first became acquainted with it, the article on "Institution Gardening," by "Q. L. L.," in the February 17th No., is one of the happiest, and I herewith hasten to thank the writer for what, in my opinion, embodies a deal of profit to our class, and also to add other reasons in favor of more attention to this branch of industry than has heretofore been considered profitable to all parties concerned.

As all the human family, without exception, is dependent upon the products of the soil for subsistence, not even animal food being obtainable without Nature's aid in the way of sustenance, all the way along from birth, until the creature, of whatever sort it be, lies dead before us, the cultivation of the soil becomes a matter of the vastest importance, and to send the young, especially those who through the loss or defect of some sense are classed as unfortunate—forth into the world, is to them a grievous wrong.

Having never visited an institution for mutes outside of my native State, I do not know to what extent gardening is carried on in connection with other schools; but while I was a pupil at the Illinois School, some of the boys were regularly employed in the garden, which was well stocked with vegetables, small fruits and flowers; but none of the girls were employed, and I think I can safely say that many finished their pupilage without even walking through the garden more than once if once even; yet, no doubt, many of the deaf-mute girls, if allowed to learn the art of gardening would become more generally practised there would be fewer sickly and bad tempered women. The majority of men do not realize the pernicious effect our present mode of American living exerts upon the health and spirits of our women. The constant recurrence of domestic duties carried on within the same limits every day in heated air, is extremely enervating to the vital forces, and this supplemented by the petty tribulations which are indispensable in all good housekeeping, and which, though, seemingly insignificant when considered separately, when aggregated, in a few days work eats away both physical and spiritual energy, and sends them to early graves. Men working more in the sunshine and fresh air, are less debilitated by their work, even tho' it be much heavier than women's work, and as long as the present close confinement to the house is indulged in, so long will men, as a class, be healthier and longer lived than women.

That there is truth in this view of the subject, is shown by the rapid gain in flesh attained by delicate ladies during seasons of camping out, health seeking, a few indulgences in the summer months. That a large proportion of American youths, hearing as well as deaf, are deplorably ignorant of all that appertains to agriculture, is a fact which cannot escape the notice of all who give any attention to the subject. As an instance of this ignorance, we are acquainted with a person, who, when well along in his teens was sent into a garden with directions to plant some beans. His employer inferring from the fact that he had always lived in a country town where gardens were numerous he knew enough to do it without any supervision, but later, when the beans failed to come up, he inquired how they had been planted, and found they had been placed a foot or two below the surface. Who shall say how many a woman now sickly, miserable, and making those about her miserable, might now be healthy and happy, had she been taught to work in the garden? Who shall dare contradict the assertion that many a man now poor and homeless would be rich had he been taught to till the soil instead of following some of the so-called genteel professions? But whatever has been our past national follies in this matter, we feel hopeful for the future. Feel that men and women too, will see more and more clearly as the years go by, that the cultivation of the soil is not degrading, but ennobling. A lady who has spent much time in the garden, says: "The cultivation of the soil possesses a wonderful fasci-

nation; its very odor after a refreshing shower is inspiring." The same writer says: "On the European continent, women work in the fields with the men, and become beasts of burden. I hope never to see those thus degraded in this more favored land; but I do desire to have them take a daily interval from the labor and care of the house, and breathe in their hearts the oxygen and iron contracted in the fresh air; taste the balm and the tonic of the sunlight and the garden. Not only because gardening becomes more and more remunerative as a country settles up it is to be commended, but also because being lightened, requiring little machinery, it is particularly adapted to feeble persons or persons badly crippled.

As an example of this, I have a friend in a Western State, who, though his head has been wounded and one arm badly crippled, runs a market garden, so successfully, that he is able to support comfortably, a large family, while more able bodied men around him who scorn to till the soil, depend upon the public for assistance to keep their family from want.

While I most heartily recommend gardening as a part of deaf-mute instruction at all schools where locations makes it admissible, and as heartily advise it in its several branches of vegetable and small fruit culture, to many adult mutes who are seeking for healthful, remunerative employment, in its most refined branch—Floriculture—which may be called "the gem of the vegetable culture," I would commend it to all who control a foot of ground, or a pint of earth, because I believe with Leigh Hunt that "Flowers sweeten the air rejoice the eye, link you with nature, and innocence, and are something to love. If they cannot love you in return they cannot hate you; cannot utter hateful words even if neglected, for, though they are all beautiful, they possess no vanity; and living as they do, to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect them?"

Flowers, fragrant May hued flowers! From the lowly violet, snow-drop and crocus, of early Spring time, to the stately dahlia and hardy chrysanthemum which make bright the autumn hues; from the rare treasures of the conservatory to the lowliest wild-wood blossom, what blessed ministering spirits they are. How they rest us when we are weary, calm us when we are perplexed, comfort us when we are grieved, and at all times increase our faith in God's power, His wisdom, His tender paternal care for all that He has created. "It rests me to walk among my flowers," said a farmer to me one day as he led the way in his garden from one mass of bloom to another. "It cheers me when I am discouraged to come into the garden and look at my flowers," said an editor, as he pointed out one and another of the old-fashioned flowers that bordered his garden path. "It makes me feel as if I had my things on and were out in the woods," said a sick girl, who was not likely again voluntarily to leave her room, as she one winter day inhaled the fragrance of house grown blossoms entirely new to her. Go where you will, rise or fall in the social scale, it is ever as Mrs. Hemans tells us:

"Flowers speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a bud of promise, they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the winter hours,
They break forth in glory; sweet flowers,
Bright flowers."

And what another writer, whose name we cannot repeat, tells us, is equally true:

"There's not a flower can grow upon the earth
Without a flower upon the spiritual side:
All that we see is pattern of what shall be in the mind.
Related joyfully, and built up to eternal significance."

There's nothing small;
No ill, muffled hum of Summer bee,
But finds its coupling in the spinning stars;
No pebble at your feet, but proves a sphere,
No chaffinch but implies a cherubim:
Earth is full of Heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God.

Sincerely hoping that others better qualified by age and experience than I am, will add the influence of their opinion upon the very important subject, the above named writer has with rare good judgment, introduced to the Journal's large family,

I am very truly,

ANGIE FULLER.
SAVANNA, ILL., Feb. 24, '80.

Rochester Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The 22nd of February was a holiday, and very much enjoyed by us all. In the morning, the household, including teachers, officers, servants and all assembled in the chapel to attend a service, conducted by Mrs. Whitney, a Bible Reader of Hartford, Ct. She related her religious experience, and urged upon all the necessity of increased faith in God and His promises. If we must put our whole trust in Him, and follow unquestioningly where He might lead, allowing Him to work in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, and we could

then fully realize that, whatever befalls us is for the best, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Mrs. Whitney continued speaking until nearly noon, and at dinner the Principal announced to the pupils a plan which he and the teachers had formed, by which all could spend the afternoon pleasantly and profitably. A dozen or so of the pupils who had made the most progress in drawing, went with two of the teachers to Powers' Art Gallery. Others went to the Museum at the University, where they spent the afternoon, very pleasantly, and at the same time learned many interesting facts in Natural History.

A few of the best skaters went, under the care of the matron, to the skating rink, but the ice being partly melted, they soon left and joined the company at the Museum. The little ones who remained at home were regaled with popcorn and apples, were taken for a sleigh ride, and shown many beautiful and wonderful specimens under the microscope.

In the evening, all gathered in the chapel to witness a stereopticon exhibition; so that the whole day was filled with pleasure that will not soon be forgotten.

Saturday evening, about twenty of the older boys and girls had a candy pull in the kitchen, and had an exceedingly sweet time.

The Principal purchased a new printing press and the daily journals and lessons of the pupils will be printed, and also the local news which has heretofore been written on the bulletins.

MINNEHAHA.
March 5, 1881.

Notes From Arkansas.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please excuse me for not having written you a letter for some time.

Prof. H. C. Hammond (our beloved Principal) was dangerously ill for two weeks. We all are very glad that his health has been entirely restored.

The managers of the Institution are erecting a new house, in which gas for the lighting of the rooms of the buildings is to be manufactured this month. We have a very pleasant school. We hope that we will continue to have a successful school in the future. Three pupils have returned to school a short time ago. We have fifty-seven pupils, three of whom are colored.

Fort Smith Independent informed me that "a marriage took place at Cottonwood City, Cherokee Nation, on the 12th day of last January. The parties were Miss Mary Taylor, and Mr. Jilson Edington both deaf-mutes, who have been pupils of the Deaf-Mutes Institution at Little Rock, Ark. The sister of the bride acted as interpreter, being familiar with the Silent World. The event was quite novel and amusing to those who had never witnessed a similar wedding."

But the most interesting and important marriage of which I have to tell, took place at our Institution on the 17th of this month. The contracting parties were Mr. Theodore F. Moseley and Miss Carrie Standart, both teachers here, and neither of them mutes.

All the officers, pupils, servants—in short, every body about the place—went into the Chapel to witness the ceremony.

It was a complete surprise to all but very few.

Rev. Van Valkenburgh married them. Prof. Hammond acted as interpreter.

Among the spectators was Mr. C. C. Clafflin, of Chicago, who was invited by our Principal, but went into the chapel totally ignorant of what was about to be done.

He afterward said that, notwithstanding numerous hints, he never suspected the affair until he heard the clergyman beginning the ceremony.

This was the pleasantest kind of a surprise for him, as he always enjoys such a scene to the utmost.

After the marriage, which was at three P.M., the bridegroom and bride adjourned the parlor, and we were shortly after invited to a splendid lunch, which our matron had prepared in honor of the occasion.

We offer congratulations, and hearty wishes, of happiness and prosperity, On Sunday morning, Mr. Clafflin preached a good sermon in the chapel, and the pupils all were much interested in it.

He is a commercial traveler for Edward Ely & Co., of Chicago, and is well acquainted among us. He is a very pleasant gentleman.

The pupils and officers enjoy health as usual, though the weather is getting warm, and looks like spring. I shall write again.

Very respectfully,
ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

Correcting Defender.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Let me add some more words.

The members of the Clerc Literary Association deny "Defenders'" assertion that my plan in reference to the General Convention was "rejected." In order to do the Association ample justice, let me make the following correction. At its meeting, held last year, I moved that a Convention of the deaf-mutes of Pennsylvania should be held in 1880, but no one seconded my motion, so it was lost. There is no doubt but that the above correction will be quite satisfactory to the Clerc Literary Association.

Very Respectfully,
JOHN D. ZEIGLER.

PHILA., March 1, '80.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAR. 10, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Some one has said that the seat of wisdom is the heart and that of knowledge is the head. This may be right in a general way, but the wisdom which we most seek after and which mankind most needs is a combination of the two. Especially is this true in its relation to the educating of the deaf and dumb, and there is no doubt but the educational systems of deaf-mutes can boast of a good many representatives who are endowed with great minds and good hearts. There are some, however, who are sadly deficient in these qualities, and who are possessed of that one-sidedness of opinion, which, when it is not founded upon experience is equivalent to prejudice.

We have lately read an open letter, from one of this latter class, which dictated the system of instruction that should be adopted in all cases and in all institutions for the deaf and dumb. The letter in question was written by a man who has had very little experience in instructing deaf-mutes. By his own confession, he came to the conclusion that it was the only one that should be practised. The system which he so sweepingly endorses is the "articulation system," as opposed to the "sign system." Had such a letter been written by Prof. Greenberger or Miss Rogers, it would have been entitled to a great deal of consideration, but as it has been sent from an institution which owes its success entirely to the sign system, and in which articulation has hitherto been entirely ignored, it can not be said to have any weight whatever. What makes it all the more ridiculous is the fact that this same person, after a former "examination" (as superficial as the last, no doubt), was just as bitterly opposed to the articulation system, as he now is to the sign system. Whether or not a third examination into the merits of each will result in another change of opinion, time alone will show. That the object which he has in view—that of making all who are deaf become what Miss Rogers terms *meropos anthropoi* (articulating mortals)—is a good one, we do not hesitate to admit; but that the head of an institution should be so prejudiced in favor of a system of teaching with which he has had but a slight acquaintance, as to utterly discard another system which we are sure he does not thoroughly understand, having been connected with an institution only four years, is very deplorable. A man who by a day or two of exhibition exercises can be so firmly convinced as to rush from one extreme to the other, and on a repetition of these exercises can rush back again, is not the right one to have charge of a class of children who are at the beginning of their career as scholars almost devoid of knowledge. That there is a great deal of merit in both systems, most teachers of deaf-mutes will acknowledge, but that any one should think it incumbent on him to ignore the researches of two generations of eminent men, and, basing his opinion on two or three days' experience, proclaim in the most decisive tone that they were all wrong, is reaching the summit of audacity, not to say conceit.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Although the JOURNAL is the largest deaf-mute paper in the world, and contains more news each week than any two deaf-mute papers combined, we have been obliged to leave over

several columns of interesting matter to our next issue.

We hope that none of our correspondents will feel disappointed, and assure them that their communications will receive the earliest possible attention.

NOTICES.

The deaf-mutes of Brooklyn are invited to attend service in St. Ann's Chapel, corner of Clinton and Livingston Sts., next Sunday, March 13th, at 3 P.M. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will officiate.

The deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity are cordially invited to attend the services at the Cathedral and St. James Church, on Sunday, March 27th, at 10:45 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Bishop Robertson has made an appointment to be with Rev. Mr. Mann at the afternoon service, Christ Church, St. Louis, on Sunday April 3d. Those desiring to be confirmed may address Mr. Mann or Rev. Dr. Schuyler, the Rector.

Convention Pamphlets.

Pamphlets embodying in full the proceedings of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in Cincinnati in August, 1880, will be sold at the rate of 15 cents each. All who desire to procure a copy can do so by sending the above amount to E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City.

R. P. McGREGOR, President.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

It is rumored that Mr. Volker will make a trip to Boston on April the 12th. We hope he will have a pleasant trip.

Mr. McFall would like to hear from his old chum, Mr. C. Burns, of Brooklyn, N. Y., through the JOURNAL.

On the evening of the 28th of February, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Van Cortlandt gave a rag carpet entertainment.

The champion jumper at the West Virginia Institution, W. T. Burgess, clears 17 feet in a single running jump.

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, confirms at Grace Church, Cleveland, on Sunday evening, April 3d, and at Trinity Church the following Sunday evening.

One of the large boot and shoe manufacturers at Chicago, employs several deaf-mute workmen, and will gladly employ more who are competent, industrious, sober, and not given to drink.

Mr. A. E. Volker would like to know the whereabouts of Messrs. Wheeler and Ward, who are in New Mexico. He wishes to hear from them through the JOURNAL, or by postal card. His address is 29 William street, Montreal, Canada.

Master Franklin Parry Ropap is a very intelligent boy. He is a pattern-maker, and is also learning to be a civil engineer in the evenings of Tuesday and Friday. His mother, Mrs. Ropap, is a deaf-mute. We are glad that Mrs. Ropap has such a good son.

Mr. Charles Wolf, after paying a brief visit in Chicago, has returned home. He reports having a lively time, and says that the mutes in Chicago are in good spirits. Mr. Wolf is a printer, but he does not follow his trade always, his folks being well-off and people of means.

Master George Lincoln Higgins, of Philadelphia, works in a machine factory in that place. He met with an accident lately in which his right finger was cut off. He suffered very much from it. We hope he will soon recover. His deaf-mute parents are Mr. and Mrs. Macmill Higgins.

George Pepin, of County Line, Mich., met with a bad accident Friday, February 25th. He had two of his toes on the right foot almost crushed by large bolts, which he was trying to lift on top of a pile of bolts eight feet high, and which slipped from his hands and struck against his foot. He has suffered a great deal of pain for four days, but is now a little better. He will lose three of his toe nails.

A party was given by William Campbell, a cigarmaker by trade, in honor of his sister's birthday. There was a good-sized audience, and they were greeted with gladness. They had a splendid time. They were treated with a good supper, after which they left, thanking William for his kindness. Mr. Campbell is a nice looking man; he has lived in St. Louis all his life. He has a mute sister who is younger than himself, and both are intelligent mutes.

About twenty-five persons assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Glumore, in Cleveland, on Thursday evening, February 28th, in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding. It was a surprise party and a "glass wedding" both. The presents were pretty. Among those present were Mr. Townsend, one of the early graduates of the New York Institution; Mr. Ira Crandon, both of Girard, Trumbull Co., Ohio, and Miss Cynthia Thompson, of Peninsula, Ohio.

On Saturday evening, February 26th, Mr. Solomon Bacharach, of Philadelphia, presented a beautiful rocking chair to Mrs. Stephen Van Cortlandt, in honor of her birthday. She was delighted with it, and says she will never forget Mr. Bacharach's kindness. He often spends his evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Van Cortlandt together with her brother, Mr. Joseph Van Cortlandt. They are very sociable. Mr. Washington Houston was a classmate of Stephen and Joseph Van Cortlandt. They graduated from the New York School.

Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio, Rev. Jesse T. Webster, Rector, has among his several guides one entitled "Ephraim." It is a chairman is Mr. J. B. Clegg. The object is to visit deaf-mutes at their homes, and encourage attendance at the regular services by showing them the places in the Prayer Book. The Rev. Mr. Webster has, in many ways, shown great interest in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Bishop Jagger visits Christ Church, Dayton, on Tuesday, April 26th, when those desiring to be confirmed can receive the rite. Those desiring can write to Rev. Mr. Mann, or call on Rev. Mr. Webster, in the vestry room of the church.

John G. Long, of Rockford, Ill., has broken up housekeeping.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, of Maryland, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Drum, at Pittsburgh.

If the sender of several items from Cincinnati, had signed his or her name to them, we would have printed them.

Mr. J. R. Freeman, of Rockford, Ill., was presented by his wife with an eight-pound son on February 21st. This is the third.

Patrick Sullivan, a semi-mute of Providence, R. I., is now working in the Boston and Albany Railroad paintshop. His wages are good.

"Will any of the students at the National Deaf-Mute College please send through the JOURNAL, the address of Mrs. Donnell, nee Miss Jennie Gillen, in Washington?"

If any of the readers of the JOURNAL know the present whereabouts of Mrs. Bird, wife of the late Mr. William Bird, will they kindly enlighten the writer of this through the columns of the JOURNAL.

Several deaf-mutes of Boston are employed by the various Railroad companies. The Boston and Albany Railroad Company employs four, the Old Colony, Fitchburg, Cambridge Horse Car Co., one each.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Woodsides, of Wilkesburg, near Pittsburgh, will be pained to learn of the sad bereavement which has lately overtaken them in the death of two of their children by scarlet fever, and of the likelihood of another dying.

Mr. Mann and little Howard accompanied Rev. Mr. Mann to Pittsburgh last week. During their short stay there they were the guests of Mr. McClurg on the south side.

Mr. McClurg, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is now convalescing.

Dr. Glenn, superintendent of the deaf and dumb school, seems to be jack of all trades; teacher, lawyer, dentist, lawyer again and then again dentist. He seems to be a little deaf, thought not dumb, for he says he never heard but one complaint since he has been in the institution. —*Evansville (Ind.) Tribune.*

Baptism was administered to Messrs. Doenges and Ormsby by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in Trinity Church, Mt. Vernon, Rev. S. H. Holmes, Rector, on Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., at a combined service. Mr. Holmes has shown great interest in the deaf-mutes of Mt. Vernon and vicinity.

On the 1st inst., as the Rev. Job Turner was riding in the buggy, with a deaf-mute gentleman, named Mr. J. R. Jennings on his way from Pleasant Level to Smithville, Ga., the gentleman showed him a *little* deaf-mute colored boy about five years old, who was driving a horse home with another colored boy, about as small.

Vital Rasicot, of Little Falls, Minn., would like to know the address of his old classmate, W. F. Collins through the JOURNAL. He wants to know if his friend, George W. Long is alive or dead. His niece, of Buffalo, N. Y., was married on the 30th of December last. She is a daughter of his brother, who is captain of a boat on the Lake Erie.

On the journey from Eufaula, Ala., to Pleasant Level, Sumter Co., Ga., Rev. Job Turner enjoyed the company of Messrs. Copeland and Jennings (both mutes) on the cars. Mr. C. got off at Dawson, Ga., his home, and Messrs. Jennings and Turner at Smithville. Not being able to get any conveyance, they both decided to walk five miles to Pleasant Level, which they accordingly did without fatigue. They reached their destination a little after dark. Mr. Jennings introduced Mr. Turner to his father and sisters and brothers, all of whom gave him a very cordial welcome, which pleased him very much, indeed. The father owns a very fine farm of about two thousand acres. He told Mr. T. that he wanted him to stay a week with him, but his duty compelled him to decline it. He has a deaf-mute daughter. Her twin sister can speak.

The following item was clipped from the New York Semi-Weekly Times of March 4th, the little poem was sent by Henry W. Longfellow in return to a note saying that they intended to commemorate his 74th birthday, which occurred on Sunday, the 27th inst. Its meaning will fully be seen.

Little Mignon Talbot, daughter of Acting Superintendent Talbot, of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, of Columbus, Ohio, wrote to Mr. Longfellow, saying that she understood he took a great interest in little children, and mentioning the fact of the proposed celebration of his birthday.

Mr. Longfellow replied as follows: Come to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplex me Have vanished quite away. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 15, 1881.

There was a good assemblage of ladies and gentlemen at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown last week. A "botta" time was had in social intercourse, chatting together, telling stories, and the topics of the day discussed, after which they partook of a bountiful supper, and bidding the visiting receivers *adieu*, left and thanked for their kindness in treating them with a splendid time. Mr. Thomas is a cabinetmaker by occupation, having a steady position in the Missouri Car Works, at which place he has faithfully served for a long time. His wife is a very lively, bright lady, and has a good number of warm friends. They were both members of the Missouri Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the former having received his education in that place, and the latter in the Missouri State, Missouri and Illinois. May they prosper and live long, is the prayer of their friends in the Great Future City, (St. Louis Mo.)

The New York Sunday News of March 6th, has a long article about a wealthy German named Gustav C. Braun, who formerly lived in one of the suburbs of New York. In his will, which is being contested, there is a clause relating to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The following paragraph is taken from the News: "When in Warehouse Point, he became acquainted with Rev. Mr. Bartlett, a minister with a large family and small salary in that place. He visited at the minister's house frequently. The minister had a son, Dr. Bartlett, a physician attached to a deaf and dumb asylum in New York. When visiting at his father's house, he often brought with him a lady patient of graceful person and more than average intelligence for a deaf-mute. Mr. Braun was captivated by her, and married her. This was the Marston, by whose side he desired to be buried, and whose name he wished to be engraved with his own on a tombstone. This explains a bequest in the will made to the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, distinguished for his labors in behalf of deaf-mutes; it also explains another legacy—that to Miss Sherlock, a deaf-mute lady of Rochester. His wife had a married sister still living in Brooklyn, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, who, with her children, was also liberally provided for in the will. This lady, besides the \$4,000 that she and her children get, is left Mr. Braun's lot in Greenwood."

Mr. W. R. Drum has purchased a home of his own at East Liberty, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

Several deaf-mutes were in the morning congregation at Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, at the time of Bishop Scarborough's official visitation, Feb. 27. The service for deaf-mutes took place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

About three weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke S. Steward took a splendid sleigh ride. They travelled about sixty-five miles in three days in spite of the bitter cold. The sleighing has been excellent in Hartland, Me., all winter.

Recently, while looking through an antiquarian book store in St. Louis, Rev. Mr. Mann came across a volume by Charlotte Elizabeth, a voluminous writer of the early part of the present century, who lost her hearing in early age. Its title is "Floral Biography."

Four mutes went to Mr. Byron A. Brown's house, but were sorely disappointed in not meeting the mutes of Belfast and Rev. S. Rowe. They should have come to Mr. Brown without fail on the 6th of February. His wife was highly delighted at the prospect of their coming and made lots of nice viands for them, but was entirely discouraged when they did not arrive.

On the 1st of March, the Rev. Job Turner was changing cars at Smithville, Georgia, when he met a gentleman who told him that his brother Joseph White Thompson, who graduated at the American Asylum 43 years ago, breathed his last in Macon, Ga., last year. He made mostly bottom for chairs. This statement was made for the information of his old deaf and dumb friends at the North.

There is a deaf-mute in Hormon, Me., by name Joshua Brackett. He is a well-to-do farmer, and has a semi-mute wife, but she is uneducated. Mr. Brackett had been to the Hartford School for two years, and was twice married. His education is limited. His speaking brother George was the largest man in the State of Maine and died last week. He weighed five hundred pounds. The casket made for his body was a wonder to behold, its dimensions being as follows: length inside, six feet, breadth, thirty inches, depth, twenty-four inches.

During his stay in Jacksonville, Florida, the Rev. Job Turner came in contact with the Rev. J. R. Bioknell, assistant minister of St. John's Church, who told him through the medium of his hands that the Rev. Mr. Mann had often had services with him in his parish in Indiana. Mr. Bioknell lived his parish last January, and is located in Jacksonville. He showed Mr. Turner several things, among which was an ice factory which manufactures 4000 tons of ice per day. Jacksonville is a place of considerable trade, shipping about 40,000,000 of lumber a year. He met another gentleman who surprised him by making signs well, and telling him that his parents were deaf and dumb in New York. He asked him his name and he spelt out "F. W. Mumby." He said that his father, John W. Mumby is living in Brooklyn, N. Y. His mother is dead. He told Mr. Turner that he knew Mr. Chase, of Mandarin, Fla., very well and that he had gone North.

On Monday, Feb. 28th, on his way from Eufaula, Ala. to Smithville, Ga., while passing through Outhbert, Ga., the Rev. Job Turner was shown the spot where Chas. Rogers was run over and killed by a train, the grave where he sleeps, and also, the comfortable looking house where he lived. He was a graduate of the Hartford Asylum, and his brother and sister, both mutes, are now living at Cedar Spring, S. C. He had a speaking-wife and five such children, and was doing well in his trade—that of a shoemaker. It was carelessnes which caused him to lose his life on the railroad untimely. His death took place five or six years ago. His children are now all living, and are said to be employed as farmers. What a warning to those mutes who are in the habit of walking on the railroad. The next day Mr. Turner started for Americus, Ga.

A bill for making appropriations for land and for the construction of buildings for the Northern Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, in Illinois, was introduced to the senate on the 15th ult. Applicants for the positions of superintendent and teachers will be full of hopes and think Illinois the best State in the country. They must smile sweetly upon us.—*Advocate.*

The eminent Prof. Read acts in a manner that beats Barnum. "Wild Boy." He seems to think that because Prof. Emery secured \$15,000 last year and asked for \$100,000 for building and lands, that the credit is due the Illinois Institution. Not a bit of it. In case the appropriation asked for is passed, the itchy applicants (among them Prof. Read) must turn their attention to the proper officials—the Principal and Educational Board of Chicago Mute School. No dead beats or worthless persons need apply.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

A Deaf Man Seriously Injured by the L. & N. W. Passenger Train.

Cornelius Casey was walking on the L. & N. W. railroad track last Friday afternoon, about 2:45 o'clock, from his farm three miles south of Ulysses, Neb. When he was on the track in front of the farm of Wm. H. Dobson the passenger train came along behind him. The engineer blew the whistle and rang the bell, supposing that Casey would step off the track before the train reached him. The unfortunate man being entirely deaf heard neither bell or whistle, and continued walking on the track till the train overtook him. The cow catcher struck his legs and threw him on his back on the pilot platform, carrying him in that position for about thirty rods. By that time the train was stopped, and the train men, thinking that the train had been run over Casey, looked back along the track for him, but not finding him went to the front and found him still on the pilot.

It was found that both Mr. Casey's legs had been broken between the knee and ankle, one leg being broken in several places. He was taken on the train to Ulysses, and left at Reed's Hotel.

The station agent at Ulysses telegraphed to headquarters, and the company dispatched an extra train, with two physicians and Division Superintendent Phillip, which arrived at Ulysses about 8:30 p.m. The physicians set Mr. Casey's legs. It is thought that he had sustained internal injuries, and fears were entertained that they would cause his death.

Mr. Casey has been living on his farm, three miles south of Ulysses, for about eight years. He owns 280 acres of land, with 150 acres under cultivation, and the rest in pasture and timber. He has a family of six children, the oldest being about 15 years of age. For some years he has been known as a successful breeder of blooded Berkshire hogs, and generally carries off high premiums at the fairs. He is well regarded by all who know him, being a good neighbor, an industrious farmer, and an exemplary citizen.

Previous to his removal to this country, Mr. Casey was for some time a resident of Lincoln where he was held in high esteem.—*Seaward (Nebraska) Reporter.*

"Archimedes" has been very sick for the past week, but is now convalescent.

Half a dozen, at least, of deaf-mutes are employed at the Edgar Thompson Bessemer Works, at Braddock, ten miles east of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a large audience at the deaf-mute lecture rooms last Wednesday evening, to listen to the King of story-tellers, Mr. Wallace P. Wade. His audience gave him else attention.

It will be remembered that a short time ago, E. W. Frisbee met with an accident while running a circular saw. Two weeks ago, a friend of his living in Boston, was struck by a piece of wood, which he was sawing. It struck him in the breast, from the effects of which he died last Friday. This should be a warning to all who run a circular saw.

An exchange has the following:—"The will of Theodore List was probated last week. John H. Vannys was appointed executor and gave the sum of \$53,200, being the third largest bond ever given in the county. The two largest being required in the estate of Capt. J. P. Banta and Elijah W. Bronson each for the sum of \$200,000." [Elijah W. Bronson is the father of George E. Bronson, a deaf-mute of Morgantown, Ind.—Ed.]

Should Stick to the Business He Knows.

(From the Evansville (Ind.) Tribune, March 2.)

At last we have it on Dr. Glenn's own testimony that when he accepted the place of superintendent of the institution for the deaf and dumb, he had never taught deaf and dumb children and knew nothing about the sign-language and he hazarded the opinion that all he knows about it now after two years salary-drawing would not enable him to express the commonest wants. The law governing his appointment says neither he nor anyone shall take that office unless they are "qualified by education and practice" for the duties thereof. He has testified that he was not so qualified. Has he not broken the law, and contemptuously kicking the fragments in the face of the people, has for two years drawn their money as superintendent of an institution, when the law the people made and intended to govern the case strictly prohibited it?—*(Indianapolis News.)*

Many people look upon such provisions of the law as being mere forms without meaning. Perhaps the friends of Dr. Glenn thought that his title would satisfy the people; that they would have the idea that, because he is called "doctor," he is possessed of the qualifications demanded by the position which he holds. From all that we have heard on the subject, we are inclined to believe that the most that Dr. Glenn could do for the deaf and dumb children in his charge, would be to put them in a dentist's chair, and gouge, file, hammer or pull their teeth, as the case required, after the arbitrary fashion of dentists, without saying yes or no, or asking any questions.

Death at the Colorado Institution.

DIED.—At the Colorado Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at 10:10 p.m., February 24, of pneumonia, William Layton, aged 16 years. William Layton, who entered school at the beginning of the present session in September last, was taken with pneumonia last week. As soon as his condition became known he received the best care and attention possible. But the disease had taken too firm a hold on him to be dislodged. His health had always been delicate. He had thrice been suffering from pneumonia, and at the time of his entering school his lungs were seriously affected. He continued to grow worse until the afternoon of Thursday, when it was seen that there was no longer any hope of recovery. His mother had several days previously been notified by letter of his illness. As no word had been received from her, a man was sent to Hunter, where she lives, to inform her of the condition of her son. Throughout the afternoon of Thursday, William lingered between life and death. No human power could save him, but it was hoped that he would at least, live until his mother arrived. Her coming was anxiously waited as time sped on. But at ten minutes past ten o'clock in the afternoon, the little life that was in him went out. Death came so quietly and peacefully that he seemed to have only fallen asleep. In less than an hour after the vital spark had fled, his mother arrived. Her grief was great.

The funeral service was held at the Institution, and Rev. T. K. Kirkwood took occasion to give the pupils some good advice concerning their spiritual welfare. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon the remains were interred in the cemetery at Mt. Washington. All of the older pupils followed the remains to the grave as a last token of respect to their dead schoolmate. Death has invaded our family but once. When he comes again, may we all be ready to obey the dread summons.—*Index.*

Kentucky Institution Graduates.

(From Kentucky Deaf-Mute.)

There have been over 700 pupils in this Institution since it was established in 1823. Of these many have gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns, others have removed to distant states and no information can be had concerning them, while others, though remaining in Kentucky, have ceased all communication with the Institution or their former schoolmates.

The scattered returns received in answer to our letters of inquiry, forbid a systematic arrangement in chronologic order, so we will give the names as they were received, and will continue the publication in each issue until the list is concluded. There being no record of the dates when the pupils graduated or left school, we have substituted in lieu thereof, the date of entrance at the Institution which is placed immediately after the name.

Of the first class educated here, which was composed of nine boys and five girls, none are known to be living, except Thomas Hoagland, of Lexington and Eveline Sherill, of Adair County. The former is now ninety-five and the latter, seventy-five years old.

E. B. Miles, 1845, who was a teacher in this Institution from 1860 to 1866, is now a farmer in Hardin County. He married Mary Moorman, 1867, in 1866, and has several children, all of whom can hear.

Anton A. Grief, 1863, has a tin-shop at Big Spring, Hardin County and is doing well. His wife was Miss Mary Robinson, 1862.

Jacob Liebert, 1859, is working in a trunk factory at Louisville and receives good wages. He is unmarried, and can talk more in a given time than any man in the state.

Morris Long, 1856, is a prosperous farmer in Madison County. His wife is a hearing lady. Harmon Harpole, 1856, is believed to be in Texas. He was a good stone-cutter and when last heard from an old bachelor.

Isaiah Phillips, 1855, lost his eyesight, and is now in a poor-house. Biley Bennett, 1855, is farming near Bremen, in Muhlenburg County, and is doing well. He writes us that he lately captured twenty-five coons.

A Singular Case of Emaciation.

John Mohr a thirteen-year-old boy, was admitted to the Jersey City Hospital six weeks ago. He was covered with cuts and bruises. He said that the wounds had been inflicted by his father, a butcher on Jersey Heights. He soon afterwards became unconscious, and recovered consciousness to all appearances a few days later. He has since been unable either to hear or to speak, and for nourishment has taken only milk. He has meanwhile become singularly emaciated and now weighs not over twenty-five pounds. Dr. King, the attending physician at the hospital says it is one of the most remarkable cases ever brought to his notice, and the suffering lad has been a study for New York physicians who have visited the hospital to look at him.

The Anderson Society of Cincinnati, O.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather (on the evening of March 5th) the members met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Vance, of Newport, Ky., for the purpose of participating in a social entertainment. Messrs. Luning and Hahn were busy making arrangements for an exhibition of tableaux to please the company. During the performance, Messrs. Luning, Hahn and Vance, and Misses Morin and Gray displayed many amusing appearances with which the members were very much delighted, and return many thanks to them for their services. After the performance, they were supplied with refreshments through the kindness of Mrs. Vance. Thanks are due to her for her kind and liberal attention paid to us. Among those present we noticed Mr. Jas. A. Goldman whom we did not recognize (as he was masked, representing "Brother Jonathan" Yankee Doodle). His appearance was really very amusing and still more so when he unmasked and we recognized the face of Mr. Goldman, of Middle-town, O.

A Deaf Telegraph Operator Who Reads by Sound.

It is well known that what are termed first class operators read messages not by means of punctures in strips of paper, which are only meant for typos, but by sound—that is to say, by the click of the instrument noted in connection with the varying lengths of the intervals between the taps. Of course, by practice, an operator's ear is rendered intensely sensitive, until it can catch the faintest vibrations or whisperings of his instrument. It would not be supposed, however, that this method of reading messages would suit a deaf man. Nevertheless, a deaf man can accommodate himself to these circumstances. We are told that an employee of the American Telegraph Company in Washington, although he could not hear, was rated as a first class operator, dealing with sounds. He could read and receive dispatches by the sense of feeling. He placed his leg against that of the instrument table, and read by the slight jarring communicated, reversing, so to speak, the text of his sensations by keeping his eye fixed on the motions of the instrument itself.

Birthday Dinner.

The Morgantown, Ind., Democrat for January 25, has the following:—"Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, who moved to our little town about one year ago from Franklin, gave a birthday dinner in honor of Mr. Bronson's 48th Birthday. There was present Mr. Chas. Bronson and lady of Franklin, Mr. John Dillman, Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this vicinity. She is 78 years old, and the widow of Joseph Anderson who lived to be quite old and was respected by all who knew him. He was a strong believer in the universalist doctrine. Also Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Dill, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and quite a number of others. Among the young folks there were many and after dinner they repaired to the creek and engaged in a skating match. The dinner was the most sumptuous I ever sat down to and included all the delicacies and substantial of the season. I must say for Mrs. Bronson that it was prepared in the very best style, although deaf and dumb, she is a good cook. Mr. Bronson presided at the table in the most gentlemanly style, in fact he is a princely looking old fellow, and is also a mute."

Mr. Bronson moved to Morgantown (from Franklin, Ind., 16 miles east of Morgantown), last spring, and bought one of the nicest houses in the town, also a farm a mile south of the town, where Mr. John T. Dillman and wife (both deaf and dumb), who were educated at the Indiana Institution, are renting it on shares. Mr. Bronson owns several houses and lots in Franklin, Ind., which he would like to sell on easy terms. He graduated from the Ohio Institution, where Mr. Horatio Nelson Hubbell (deceased), and Mr. William Willard, now of Indianapolis, taught him from 1836 to 1841. On completing his education, he moved to Tennessee, and soon the Trustees appointed him teacher and Acting Supt. of the School for deaf and dumb in Knoxville, East Tennessee, at a salary of \$500, including board etc., till a Supt. could be got. Orin W. Morin came in and continued until the end of the war. He left Tennessee in 1867, and inherited a tolerable fortune, given by his uncle Silas Bronson, of New York, and another fortune given by his father in 1870, making in all \$29,500 clear of taxes and executor's fees, etc.

From Chicago.

Our somewhat inflammable Cotton has been burning with rheumatism.

The brother of one of our deaf-mute ladies got knocked down and robbed the other night.

A subscriber of the *Advance* is anxious to know if there any deaf-mute harness makers in Chicago. There are none that we know of, but there are quite a number of deaf-mutes without harness romping at large in the city. That subscriber and all other mutes had better stay where they are.

Maggie Williams, an *alumni* of the Illinois State School for mutes, and who had once identified herself with the mutes of Chicago, died at her home last month of quick consumption.

It is rumored that James Laughlin and Etoile Dice, both former pupils of the Illinois Institution, are destined to hitch themselves together in matrimony.

A mute by the name of David Atkinson, at present in Indianapolis, is expected to occupy a seat in the boot and shoe manufactory of Mr. Mullin, Chicago, wherein are employed five deaf-mutes. Mr. G. A. Christenson, an acknowledged first class shoemaker, says that any deaf-mute who can do the healing and soles of six boots or shoes per day, or who can do the same kind of work on a dozen shoes per day with the assistance of a partner, has a fair chance of securing work in Mr. Mullin's shop, or any first class boot and shoe factory in Chicago. Those

who fall below the rule, can't expect much.

The Principal of the Chicago Deaf-Mute School lately received a letter from the mother of a young

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Health of the College.

INAUGURATION DAY.

The Triumphal Arch—College Mortars.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

From our Washington Correspondent.

After several months of painful confinement to her room, our esteemed matron, Miss Pratt, is again able to greet her many friends. Throughout a tedious period of bodily suffering, she bore herself with uncomplaining courage, and her patience has been rewarded by a full recovery. We sincerely trust it will be a long while ere she is again brought to another exhibition of such mild and gentle resignation. Upon being free from the embargo which limited her movements, her first act was to attend upon Mr. Kelly, whose condition we mentioned in a previous letter. Without regard to herself, she gave her whole attention to his improvement, and at present he is out of all danger. Another gentleman who has been troubled in health is Mr. Cloud, '85. In some way or other he became afflicted with an affection of the lungs, and his case has become so serious that a change of air has been advised by the physician. He leaves to-night for his home in Illinois, and carries with him the best wishes of his fellow students for his speedy recovery.

Thursday morning the students were agreeably surprised by the information that the Faculty had voted a general holiday to the students, commencing on March 3d at noon, and extending to March 7th. This courteous consideration on the part of the Faculty was warmly commended by the students, who forthwith took advantage of the kind permission. However, the main point of attraction was the programme of

INAUGURATION DAY, which had been extensively circulated in the daily papers. Friday morning, after a late breakfast, the students were furnished with lunches, and bade adieu to the college. Some went off in crowds and others in twos and threes, but all departed with the intention of seeing all that was to be seen. This was a rather difficult task to accomplish, owing to the great throngs which filled the streets bent upon the same errand. How the others got along we can only judge from what they say. As to ourselves, we had a good view of all the most important objects of interest, and feel amply repaid for the crowding and jostling we underwent. The decorations of the city were profuse and in most respects costly. What most struck the attention of the observer was the main arch at Fifteenth St. and Penn. Ave., Northwest. It consists of two towers rising from the sidewalk, reaching above the lofty Corcoran building on the East, and on the South wing of the Treasury building on the West. The towers are connected by an inclosed bridge which springs on either side from pillars about twelve feet high, and is arched beneath, but is straight on the top line. The towers rise to some height above the bridge. They are framed in imitation of great blocks of stone, and the structure is provided throughout with windows. The windows are thirty-eight in number, and are fitted with large panes of stained glass with the coat of arms of the various States. In the tower belfry are a complete chime of bells, on which, it is said, appropriate airs were played during the ceremonies. The whole arch is painted in rich colors, and elaborately decorated with flags, evergreens and designs. From the Capitol to the White House smaller arches had been erected at each of the street corners. These were to represent the different States of the Union, and were arranged in the order of the year in which each State was admitted. The main arch above described, represented the whole Union, and for magnificence has never been equalled. With the arches and the bunting and flowers with which the fronts of the houses were loaded, the streets along the line of march, were hemmed in with walls of colors. The procession was one of the largest that ever took place in the city, and the scene was extremely brilliant, notwithstanding the fact that the day was not the finest that could be wished.

The Inauguration Ball was held in the new National Museum building, which is not only a beautiful structure, but affords more floor room than any other building in the country. At the ball, the college was represented by Dr. Gallaudet, wife and daughter, Prof. Hotchkiss and Messrs. Wight and Saxton and by President Garfield himself, who is *ex officio* President of the College. For those who did not attend the ball, an opportunity

was presented for enjoying the evening. At the Treasury building there was a brilliant Pyrotechnic exhibit, which is said to have been the greatest display of the kind ever witnessed in this or any other country. Taken as a whole, our holidays have been very enjoyable. The objects of interest are so numerous that our spare moments are profitable employed and the smallness of the number of students who remain at college, prove the majority are determined to see the sights while they can.

With the opening of the next college year, there will probably be some distinction between the regular students and the Preps. From what is being said, it is probable that those pursuing the undergraduate course will adopt the

OXFORD CAPS as a means of preventing confusion. These caps are used by the students of many colleges, and are not only convenient, but highly becoming. No positive action has been taken on the matter, but it is safe to assume that the regular students will agree upon some form of head wear to distinguish them from the Preparatory classes of the Primary Department.

CHIPS.
Prof. Fay went to New York Thursday.

The friends of Mr. Hays, of the *West Virginia Tablet* were pleased to see him on Friday.

The flooring has been put down in the Gymnasium. Students use it for dancing practice.

A patriotic Democrat attempted to hoist the flag on Friday. Wind was too strong, and he had to take the flag down again.

'82 has elected Mr. V. D., class poet. Look out for the grand poem "Grandeur and Dignity of the Junior Class."

"Ambassador," if you address your question to the poet of '82, you will get a lengthy disquisition upon the subject.

'81 will probably establish a new departure by giving a class by at the close of the College year in June. The opening of the Gymnasium should be inaugurated in a fitting manner.

The afternoon Service of Sunday, Feb. 27, consisted of an eloquent sermon by Prof. Fay upon "Moderation." Such sermons, short and to the point, are of more value than lengthy, senseless, discussions. What is more, they are better attended to.

It is expected that Mr. Kelly, '81, will shortly be well enough to leave the hospital. Just about time, as commencement day is not far off, and orations will soon be taking up the time and attention of '81.

The final paragraph on foot-ball, in my last letter has been printed to read "It is quite likely that the regulations of the Faculty regarding this game may, in time, be renewed." It should read "be removed."

March 4th, has left its marks on some of the students in the form of bronzed complexions. It is seems strange, but it is nevertheless true that March sun rays assisted by wind can raise the deuce.

LESTER MONTROSE.
KENDALL GREENE, March 5, 1881.

"COLUMBUS."

HIS BUDGET OF CURRENT ITEMS FROM THE OHIO INSTITUTION PREPARED FOR THE REGALEMENT OF THE "JOURNAL" READERS.

The latest intelligence received from Mr. and Mrs. Perry left them at Havana. Their letter was dated February 21st. Their prospects of reaching Jamaica soon were not at all very flattering, owing to various causes, chief of which was the small-pox at Santiago, the port from which they intended to start for Kingston. They, however, expected to leave Havana the next day, February 22d, and go by way of St. Thomas. If no accident has befallen them they have no doubt by this time reached their objective point.

The Ohio law makers don't seem to be of the opinion that another institution for the deaf and dumb in this State is greatly needed, and that the present building is over crowded.

Some of them have fallen into the mistaken economy idea that it would be better to enlarge the present building by additions, probably for the reason that it would save the expenses of another superintendent and corps of teachers. The bill for another institution was up for passage in the House recently, and one of the members from this county spoke strongly against the measure. His arguments "were telling," so the press of this City states, and when the bill was put to vote it could only muster 23 advocates in its favor, while 55 votes were recorded against it. The prospects are not good for the establishment of another institution in this State in the near future.

"Honesty is the best policy," is a maxim which was fully illustrated the other day.

One of the pupils, while strolling down in the City Park, a glittering object met his eye in the roadway, which upon picking up proved to be a magnificent silver stem-winder "tinker." He at once set about to find its owner among those whom he met in the Park. In this he was soon successful. The man to whom it belonged gave him a V., and both departed happy—one that he had recovered his time-piece, the other because he was richer in spending money, and at the same time carried with him a clear conscience for having done a moral duty.

With the advent of March, the following named wear the orderly badges: Messrs. Mott, Woolley and

Wm. L. Sawhill, and Misses Emma B. Grey and E. O. Saylor. Charlie Robinson continues as B monitor, and Messrs. Vance and Benedict become postman and sexton respectively.

One of the old coffee stands which used to do service in the dining room has been taken over to the printing-office. A number of the exchanges which come to the Institution are placed upon it, and when the boys in the office are not engaged otherwise they are given an opportunity to read. Mr. Scott, the foreman, evidently proposes to keep them busy at something, so as to keep them out of mischief while under his charge, and the plan he has adopted is good, as well as being useful to the boys. We can not recall an instance since September that the *Chronicle* has been behind time on the date of its issue. In fact the paper has been ready for mailing to its subscribers each Saturday morning, and by noon of the same day the form is all distributed, read to begin on a new form on the following Monday.

The walls and ceiling of the boys study-room received a cleaning up this week, the effect of which gives the place a more inviting appearance. The room had become very dingy from the smoke given off by the poor quality of the gas, and the dust from the steam registers.

The south side of the ice-house became inflated recently, and it was necessary to prop it up to keep the structure from tumbling down and scattering its crystal contents around. Mr. Edward Dundan has secured, permanently we hope, a situation in the Shops of the Pan Handle Railroad in this City.

A full force of hands is again employed in the bindery after several months' dullness, and they will probably have steady work till the latter part of July.

Thus far, the weather here has been rather Marchy, with occasional gusts of snow. On Thursday morning we were treated to quite a hail storm, luckily none of them were as large as hen's eggs. Thunder and lightning were also to be part heard and seen.

COLUMBUS.

3—5—'81.

Notes From The Sunny South.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:— This is to tell you what has transpired in this pleasant town since my arrival.

Last Friday afternoon I got off for two days and a half from St. Augustine, Florida. I met the recter of St. James church, and Messrs. Copeland and Jennings, both deaf-mute gentlemen, one from Smithville, Ga., and the other from Dawson, Ga. They came here for the express purpose of attending the silent service, which they did with three others yesterday afternoon. The church was well filled. There are several other mutes in the surrounding country, who would have come to the service if they had heard of my being in town.

I found a large number of letters awaiting my arrival. Among the letters, was one from my faithful old friend, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., who informed me of the death of my old classmate David White, of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. John R. Jennings, of Smithville, Ga., a graduate of the Georgia Institution, has told me as follows: Robert Sloan, of Pendleton S. C., once an inmate of the Hartford school, was a teacher in the South Carolina Institution four or five years, at the end of which time he resigned and went to Galveston, Texas, where he got a much larger salary as a clerk under the Confederate Government, but some time afterwards he was carried off by yellow fever. He was called a good mathematician.

Prof. Atwood, of the Ohio Institution, a year or two since, requested me to find out what had become of Mr. Sloan. Only for his information, I have made this statement. Mr. Sloan's deaf-mute sister, called at the Georgia Institution, is now staying with his (Mr. Sloan's) brother, who is proprietor of a hotel at Norcross, Ga., which place I often pass. I will stop there next time to get more definite information.

Mr. W. J. Copeland, a graduate of the South Carolina Institution, is traveling agent for several publishing houses at the north. He is a nice young man of good acquirements. He and Mr. Jennings have, this morning, given me a ride about town. I find this town much larger than I thought, its population being 5000. The citizens are kind and hospitable to strangers. The city stands on several hills, and it is pleasant even in summer.

I cannot close this without saying something about James A. Watterson. He lived somewhere in the State of New York. I am informed that his sister, Mrs. Fobes, resides in Oneida, New Castle, Oneida Co., N. Y. After his graduation from the New York Institution, he opened a school for deaf-mutes in Montgomery, Ala., with the assistance of the State government, but he did not teach it long. He was removed, and the school afterwards became the Alabama Institution at Talladega, which is now in operation there. Mr. Watterson turned farmer, and some time afterwards got sick and died of dropsy after six years' confinement. His death took place October 22d, 1866. His widow is a resident of this town, and has two sons, George and Robert, both of whom bid fair to do well in the world as they are capable and energetic.

The peach and plum trees are in blossom, and the grass is beginning to look green.

JOE TURNER.

GOTHAM.

The Manhattan Literary Association.

"HAMLET."

Nominating New Officers.

THE ELECTION.

Washington's Birthday.

SQUIBS, ETC.

The evening of the 24th, inst. was clear and cold. This combined with the announcement made in a previous number of the JOURNAL, that Mr. H. D. Reeves, of Washington Heights, would deliver a lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association, was sufficient to attract a large audience.

At 8 P.M. President Froelich, called the meeting to order, and after a few remarks invited Mr. Reeves to the rostrum. Upon rising, that gentleman was greeted by a clapping of hands and other demonstrations of satisfaction, thus prove that his labor to make others happy was appreciated. He first referred to the large number of ladies present, said he felt somewhat abashed before so many bright eyes, made a few remarks to the gentlemen, and then began his lecture, his subject being "Hamlet."

Those who are personally acquainted with Mr. Reeves, need not be told that he did justice to the reputation he bears as a graceful sign-maker and a Shakespearean scholar. For nigh unto two hours he kept his audience spell-bound and when he had finished he was greeted by thundering applause. Too much credit cannot be given him and other gentlemen who have lectured before the club for the intellectual feasts they have finished. They did much good, and it is to be hoped that before the season closes, such well-known benefactors of our class as Dr. Peet of "Old Fanwood," President Gallaudet of the National Deaf-Mute College and Prof. Fay of the Hartford Asylum, will also favor the Association. Among the many ladies and gentlemen present upon this occasion were Mrs. Frank Roberts, and her friend Miss Clara Rosch; Misses Putnam of Saratoga, and Mollie Heyman, Messrs. Sam McClelland and W. H. Halsey of New Jersey, Miss Emma and Mary Reed of Brooklyn, Mr. John Carlin and Alfred Emmons, the young artist.

On the Monday evening following a special meeting of the Association was held for the purpose of nominating officers for the ensuing year. It was but slimly attended. The following ticket was placed in the field:

President.
GEORGE FARLEY. JOHN WILKINSON.

1st. Vice-President.
FRANK KLINOMAN. WILLIAM TEMPLE.

2nd. Vice-President.
SOL. SCHLOSS. LEO. LOWENSTEIN.

Mr. Ekardt was nominated for Secretary, but the selection of an appoint to him, and candidates for Treasurer and Sergeant-at-arms were deferred until the next meeting.

Had a bomb-shell exploded under the seat of many members of the "Lit.," we hardly think it would have caused more surprise than did the defeat of their favorite candidate for the presidency, John Wilkinson. It was confidently expected by his friends, that without regard to his special fitness for the position, his personal popularity alone would carry him triumphantly through the race; consequently they made little or no exertion to induce those "on the fence" to vote for him. Had they done so, he would certainly have been elected. Nevertheless, he made a capital run, but was defeated. The following is the tally as kept by ourselves:

President.
GEORGE FARLEY. 16.
JOHN WILKINSON. 14.
Scattered. 2.

1st. Vice-President.
FRANK KLINOMAN. 23.
WILLIAM TEMPLE. 5.

2nd. Vice-President.
SOL. SCHLOSS. 15.
LEO. LOWENSTEIN. 8.

There was no regular opposition candidate to A. Ekardt for Secretary. Consequently a sort of scrub-race took place with the following result:

Secretary.
EKARTD, 20.
WILKINSON, 3.
REYNOLDS, 1.
B. CLARK, 1.

Scattered. 4.

Mr. John P. Ijams had the compliment of being unanimously re-elected Treasurer.

Mr. Schmidt having declined to run again for the office of Sergeant-at-arms, Al. Ballin, in a semi-comic speech, nominated Reynolds; but that member also declined. In retaliation he suggested that "the nurling" be unanimously elected, but finally Mr. Frank Campbell was chosen without opposition.

We hope that all members, without regard to past difficulties, will heartily support the newly elected officers in the discharge of their duties, thus benefitting the association and making the administration a brilliant one.

In this vicinity, Washington's

Birthday, or rather the evening, has usually been celebrated by a large "masquerade." This year there was none, but in its stead a number of smaller gatherings took place. That at the New York Institution attracted many "old graduates," who report an enjoyable time.

SQUIBS.
Our genial friend, Ike Soper, who recently visited his home in Lowell, Mass., took in the Worcester Levee, and done Boston for a short time, was seen last Sunday on 5th Avenue, sporting a "stove-pipe" hat.

Klingman, also, sports a "plug." The young ladies think he is "just too killing" for anything.

It is reported that Henry Stengle, an industrious German mute of this city, contemplates matrimony in the near future. "Hen!" what's her name?

There is some talk of organizing a "once a month" among the mutes of this vicinity.

We have a "little bone" to pick with a certain person. After the business of the special meeting of the M. L. A. had been transacted, Mr. Franklin Campbell took the platform and said among other things he abhorred us, but forgot to state his reasons for doing so. We know of nothing we have said or done which would justify his remarks. Personally we don't care a continental for him, but in this instance we have been needlessly abused, and demand of Mr. C., if he is a gentleman, an explanation of his language. In writing it is our endeavor to tell the truth and to amuse, and like the great martyr president we have "malice towards none," but "charity for all."

AMERICUS.

March 5, 1881.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

Communications from the Local Committees of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Scranton.

The following letter had been received from Mr. J. T. Elwell, Secretary of the Local Committee, with the request that it be transmitted to the JOURNAL for publication:

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, PHILADELPHIA, March 2, 1881.

MR. S. G. DAVIDSON, SECRETARY OF THE STATE COMMITTEE.

DEAR SIR:—As I have already announced to you, the Local Committee, of Philadelphia, has been organized with Prof. Thomas Jefferson as Chairman, and myself as Secretary.

The object of our Committee in naming the 23d or 30th of next August as the day of the opening of the proposed Convention was simply to make a general suggestion of an earlier date than the 14th of September, as proposed by the State Committee, particularly for the following reasons:

1. Because we think it would better suit the convenience of the majority of those who may attend the Convention.

2. So far as we have ascertained, the mutes of such cities as New York, Philadelphia, and the adjacent cities, are almost unanimous in favor of August, because they desire the close of the Convention to be followed by a picnic, and think the middle of September too late for an excursion.

3. Because we believe the day as announced by the State Committee is only in the interest of a minority; that we deem it injudicious to sanction such a day, being entirely unprecedented; and that the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, having resumed her duties after the close of the vacation, and the closing of the Convention naturally desirous to visit their *alma mater*, we fear they may interfere seriously with the operation of the school, and thereby render any future Convention held in this city, wholly unpopular to the authorities of the Institution.

Our Committee has resolved to notify your Committee that it desires that Wilmington, Del., and Reading, Penn., should each have a sub-local committee.

Besides the expression of our sentiments as above written, and the appointment of a chairman and secretary, we performed such business as was performed at the last meeting of the Committee.

Your views as to the duties of the Philadelphia Local Committee in distinction of those of the State Committee are all correct. On the presentation of the letter concerning the hire of a hall, etc., it did seem queer that the spoon which might spoil the broth in Philadelphia should extend all the way to Washington; but as you have demonstrated satisfactorily the absurdity of the existence of such a culinary article, of course you will not hesitate to send this letter to the JOURNAL for publication.

By the way, before closing this letter, permit me to say that I think it would be a good plan for the various Local Committees to ascertain, as far as possible, and publish in the JOURNAL, the names of the individuals who are preferred day for the opening of the Convention; and as an individual, permit me also to add, I am neither in favor of the 23d of August, nor the 14th of September, but choose the "golden mean"—the 30th of August, 1881.

JOHN T. ELWELL.
Sec'y Local Committee of Philadelphia.

By the above, it will be seen that the Philadelphia Committee favors August as the time for holding the Convention. A letter from the Pittsburgh Committee has just reached us, which favors September, and as both sides should be heard, the State Committee has decided to publish it in full.

S. G. DAVIDSON:—On the 12th of February last, we met at Mr. Joseph Atcheson's and made up a sub-local committee. The three members elected are Mr. Joseph Atcheson, of Pittsburgh, Mr. Samuel Davidson, of Bradocks, and the writer, chairman of the sub-local committee.

The month of September was voted for by 10 to 3. It is desirable for us that the time for holding the State Convention should be the 1st and 15th of September.

We will wait orders from the State Committee, and we will try to do all that may be required of us.

ARCHIE WOODSIDE, Chairman.

ALLEGANY CO., Pa., March 3, 1881.

The following committee has been appointed to represent Scranton: Mr. J. M. Koehler, Chairman, Messrs. J. F. Eisele and Wolfe Morris. That part of the State, according to a letter received some time ago, favors August as the time for holding the Convention. The State Committee would like all who intend to be present, to write, stating their preferences as to the time for the opening of the Convention. The question will be definitely settled during April, at the farthest.

In pursuance of the expressed desire of the Philadelphia Committee, it has been decided to authorize the appointment of sub-local committees for Reading, Pa., and Wilmington, Del.

All committees, as soon as appointed, will please notify the Secretary of the State Committee.

S. G. DAVIDSON,
Sec'y State Committee.

March 7, 1881.

ROME DOINGS.

Measles.

One Gone Before.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

A Merry Masque, and Some Other Things.

(From our Rome Correspondent.)

Where is the young man who wrote on "Sweet Spring," both straight and in rhyme. Now is the time, or never. The trousseled sex are wading, and the Crinolined dears are wading through the snow. We think "Mignon" might do, for it must be original, even as was original sin. A long experience reading autographs causes wonder how every body, deaf-mutes in particular, forget quotation marks. But it is a little too much to copy one of Watts' hymns and sign his or her name as author, in an album. I recollect a place where the girls got hold of a Methodist hymn book, and used it to refresh their mugs, and the result was that every autograph from that little Eden was strongly doctored by that good book. Few quotation points either. Or "Judge De Coursey" might take his harp off the willows and strike up a tune worthy of the grand subject.

It was really too bad the way those rough fellows handled that sweet little hobby, the Female College. I must say it, though they live over the way from me. But the "Judge" might have spared us innocents that long sermon on jealousy. If any one has a bottle of salts or St. Jacob's Oil please send them to him by return mail. It might help assuage his woe, and dispel the vinegar from his noble visage, that it might not shine out on us like a green jaundiced moon. Is it not enough to know that the fair ones, wherever the JOURNAL goes, will ever be ready to kiss the border of his "honor's" robe, for what he has done for them.

Perhaps we did not see the point of "Mignon's" riddle; but how could you expect a *rusty* like me to do better. Even a boosier finds it hard to call one hole of a honey comb a "sell." By the way it strikes me that the "Judge" and Miss "Mignon" would make a good match. Contrary poles draw towards each other, you know.

What must be the "Judge's" opinion of that wicked "Mr. Why," what a case of total depravity. How "jellous" he is. The "Judge" himself would turn into Mother of vinegar under his gaze. Can't you sermonize and evangelize this heathen "Judge"? But he is so short; like somebody who was

"As witty as Horatius Flaccus. As great as Jacobin as Gracchus. Short but not so fat as Bauchus. Riding a little Jackass."

We are only human, and can't help feeling a little good at seeing "Mr. Why" whack other peoples corns and then dance, while our own are safely cuddled up under us.

We have enjoyed a remarkable immunity from epidemics of every kind up to this time. The measles have gone through us. A pupil while at home during the Christmas intermission was exposed to them. His parents thoughtfully or heedlessly sent him back to us without a word of warning. The result was that, being a tough little fellow, he did not show the disease till he had well scattered the seeds among his playmates. The result was over sixty cases, all of which were safely carried through; but one little girl had previously had the whooping-cough, and this with measles so shattered her constitution that on recovering from the last disease she was seized by typhoid pneumonia, and after a short interval of suffering her little body ceased to breathe. So little Stella Dawley died. They laid her in her coffin on her side, with her lily cheeks resting on her chubby hands, folded. The Pastor said she looked the perfect ideal of an angel, so lovely and happy and pure. Her little playmates gathered in a sorrowful group to see the services. It was in the evening, by lamp light. The flickering lamps, the solemn words, the awe struck, weird, wondering faces of the little ones so unused to this solemn mystery of death, made a truly funeral scene. She was just nine years old. She came to us from Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. The remains were sent home. This is the second death this term,—may it be the last.

The Annual Election of our Board of Directors took place on Tuesday, February 1st. We have 15 Directors in three classes of five each. One class goes out every year. The directors elected for this year were: Dr. Gallaudet, Alfred Ethridge, Dr. W. J. P. Kingsley, E. B. Armstrong and T. H. Stryker.

On February 14th, there was the usual exchange of love tokens, most of which were of the ironical kind, and showed anything but love.

Washington's birthday was a gala day with us. At 10 o'clock we gathered ourselves together in the chapel as is the precedent, and dissected the Father of his Country, or as a youth of original conceptions wrote: "Our Father's Country." The proceedings

were fitly opened and closed by prayer by Prof. Nelson, and the interval was filled by anecdoting, and glorifying, and turning our great subject round, and taking sights at him from divers standpoints. But as usual the skirts of his coat, his silk stockings, and his ruffled bosom, and all, were found spotless. Prof. Nelson and Mr. Johnson gave us the facts of his life and character. Prof. Selinay enlarged upon the same slightly, and reproduced the story of the Irishman's visit to the General, and, besides, gave us the best story of the day. I will try to reproduce it as far as pen can. At a banquet, or something of that kind, in London or Paris, many distinguished guests of both nations were present and our old Ben Franklin. In the course of the feast came the wine. A famous Englishman got up and offered a toast to grand, old, merry England, comparing her to the sun in her strength, power, glory, permanence and dazzling brightness, which no other nation could imprudently face. The toast was applauded and drunk. Then arose a noted Frenchman and proposed to toast "The Pleasant Land of France," like the moon which was only next to the sun in her influence on the earth, and dividing with him its sovereignty; brilliant, serene and gentle. This toast was drunk with equal favor. Then old Ben Franklin filled his glass and got up. "He wished," he said, "to pledge their good-will to America and to GEORGE WASHINGTON, who, like Joshua of old, when he found that the sun and moon bothered him, and interfered with his plans by their circumventions, shortly commanded the whole concern to stop and stand still till he had done, and they did." You can guess the result. The John Bull and the Johnny Crapaud swallowed the toast with twirling ears, and ever after that made sure that Ben Franklin was not round before they would brag. Mr. Knight, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Story, and Mr. Chamberlain followed in the same vein. Mr. Benedict cut down the cherry tree for us, and so the celebration was complete.

But the great event of the day was the masque in the evening. About fifty boys and girls took part. It would be impossible to describe the different costumes and characters. There was a surprising variety, and considering that all the costumes were home made were a marvel of ingenuity and completeness, for not half a dozen characters could be found out. Ella Randal disguised her sylph like form as a gigantic turkey hen; Martha Hunter as a fat jolly Roly Poly; Minnie Wolf made a good Tom boy; graceful Mary Semple had her supple form in the dress of a pretty peasant girl, and was bewitching. Flora Lyon made havoc with our tender hearts as Flirt; Cora Gorton was a Smirking School girl; Frankie Day, merry Saxon lass with a wealth of golden hair; Mary Costolo, a Belle, Virginia Minnoes buxom figure, personified Summer. Mary Evans danced on our hearts and toes as Dancing girl. Benignant Barbara Shankenberry at last appeared in her appropriate character as Grandma. Kittie Connor, a stuck up Lady of Fashion. Jennie Mack, made a capital "Nig Girl." Deeta Livermore, reminded us of Diana. Adam Miller, walked a dry goods box. Martin Minkle, stalked around as Daniel Boone.

Olin Hoxie, Ghost; Anthony Blair, "Ye Ancient Mariner." Chas. Risley, toppled around under a wicker basket and box. Roger McGrath, waddled and rolled round as John Bull. John Peeler, was a negro girl; Staffinger, a stalwart fish woman; Jacob Bassom, Clown; Riley, a big Bull frog; Parker, a Clown; Chas. Lashbrooks, a Cockerel; Martin Taylor, a Knight Templar; Minnie Miller, a flower girl; Geo. Shaw, old Bum; Walter Hiltz, a Dandy; Estella Campbell, Fat Woman; Lottie Hughes, Old Mother Hubbard, and Flora Stephens, dazed and almost crazed with the beauty of her face and the graceful outlines of her form as Hebe.

By the way some one remarked that if "Mignon" calls a honey moon a sell, has she ever been sold?

Our proposal bore fruit, we have made the fortune of the one who told us, who "Mignon," Judge DeC. and Columbus were. More anon.

RUSTICUS.

ROME, Feb. 26, 1881.

Indiana Notes.

Rev. Mr. Mann conducted religious services three times in this city, on Sunday, February 20th,—at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. in the deaf and dumb institution, and at 4 P.M. in Christ Church. The latter service was attended by about forty deaf-mutes.

The Deaf-Mute Sunday school which meets every Sunday afternoon in Christ Church, will elect officers next Sunday.

My friend, George C. Newton, who was graduated last year from the Indiana Institution has removed from Range, to Cannelton, Perry Co. He is a shoemaker.

Walter Peck, who, reside, with his parents in this city since

INDIANA.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Interesting Testimony.

CHARGES AGAINST THE STEWARD.

Rancid Butter Supplied to the Pupils.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The house committee charged with the investigation of the deaf and dumb institution met last night in the office of the city board of health, in the basement of the court house, all the members except Mr. Teter being present. The following witnesses were examined:

Louis Hildebrand, and his evidence interpreted through the sign language by Mr. W. N. Burt, said (in reply to questions by Mr. Stewart): I have been at the institution three years, and my home is at Huntington. I am a student at the institution. My teacher is Dr. Latham. As to the discipline at the institution, it has been for the last year, somewhat bad, more especially as to breaking chairs and marking walls. The cause of this was principally because the food was not good enough. The bread was dry and hard, and the meat not properly cooked. I have heard the pupils complain of this, but I have made no complaint myself. I have made statements in regard to the butter used. I once took some of the butter to the shoe shop and gave it to Mr. Weaver. I got that particular piece of butter from one of the servants. I cannot tell her name, but she is a waiter in the southeast dining-room. This was about two months ago. The complaints among the students as to the food were general. It is my opinion that the pupils have not been well treated since Dr. Glenn was superintendent. I never talked to Dr. Glenn about it. I had no idea of telling him. I can converse with Dr. Glenn—somewhat by writing, or both. At first, when Dr. Glenn came, I could only talk to him in writing. I have known of other pupils making complaints to the officers. The complaints as to food began when Dr. Glenn became superintendent, and there were no complaints before then.

To Mr. Mason: We get enough food, but it is not clean nor well cooked. The butter has been bad since last fall. It looks as if it was lard mixed with butter. Dr. Glenn could not talk the sign language at all when he came there, and can only talk it a little now. The boys in the shoe shop have not been fully employed lately, because Mr. Weaver, the foreman, has had no work for them to do. A boy by the name of Robinson was ill treated. He was very sick, and the nurse compelled him to go down stairs to the dining room to get his dinner. The boy died about two days after.

To Dr. Glenn: No one has talked to me in regard to testifying. Mr. Weaver has not talked to me about it. I did not see the boy Robinson sent down to the dining-room, but I saw him there, and he was sick at that time.

To Mr. Stewart: I received in a letter about a year ago \$10. It was to pay my fare home. I gave it to Mr. Howland to keep, and he made a note of it in his account book. On the last day of school I asked Dr. Glenn for some money. He went with me to the office, opened the account book, and found there was only \$5 recorded to his account. Afterwards I went to the office and wanted to talk with him about it, but he said he was down about it, and told me to go out. All I got back of that \$10 was a railroad ticket, which cost \$3 60 and \$1 40. I produced the letter from my father, in which the \$10 was inclosed. When I talked with Mr. Howland he used no harsh language, but he has never spoken to me since about returning the money, neither have any of the other officers. Mr. Howland never explained to me why he did not return the money. He is the steward of the institution, and it was our custom when we received money to hand it over to him. Another of the pupils told me that he had similarly lost \$2. His name is Charles Dancer, and he lives in the city.

James Weaver, foreman of the shoe shop, recalled, testified: Hildebrand works in the shop at the institution. He brought some butter to me about the end of January. I showed it to Mr. Hardee. I took it home and compared it with some I had at home. Then I showed it to a grocer. I dealt with, and finding that it was not good butter, I kept it to show to some one who might be able to tell me what there was in it. I afterward handed the butter to Mr. Griffin, of the board of health. There was a mixture of fat, tallow or lard, with the butter, and it certainly was not good.

Officer Wm. D. Griffin, of the board of health, testified: I am one of the sanitary officers of the city. I know Mr. Weaver, the last witness. During the last week he delivered to me a piece of butter. I told him I thought it was bad butter for the coloring, smell, and the evident mixture. I showed it to Mr. Elder, and it was submitted to Mr. Hurty to be analyzed.

John N. Hurty testified: I follow

the business of an analyzing chemist. I received a sample of butter last Wednesday from Mr. Griffin. I have analyzed it, and presented a written report to the board of health. I found the sample contained 22 per cent. of fat other than butter. I have analyzed other samples of butter for the board of health. I did not know when I received this sample from whom it was obtained. There was also coloring matter in the butter, but that is not injurious to the health.

To Dr. Glenn: When fat from milk is mixed with other fats it becomes rancid. It takes a skillful eye to distinguish when it is bad. Lard cannot always be distinguished by its smell when mixed with butter.

To Mr. Mason: This was not oleo-margarine. That is not supposed to contain any butter, and this sample certainly did contain some butter.

The witness, Hildebrand, (re-called) said, in reply to Mr. Stewart's question: It was two \$5 bills that was in my letter. I opened the letter myself, and immediately handed the money to the steward. I opened the letter in the office, and did not take any of the money away with me when I left the office.

The committee then adjourned until Thursday evening.

The investigation committee of the deaf and dumb institution met last night at the office of the board of health, in the court house. Present: Messrs. Mason (chairman), Stewart, Gilman, two democratic members being absent.

Charles Edwin Steinwinter was the first witness. He said: I live at St. Joseph street. I have been a student at the institution eight years, but lost some time on account of sickness three years ago. There has been disorder the last year among the smaller boys, particularly in the way of breaking chairs and shooting pistols. I have told Dr. Glenn about it; perhaps Dr. Glenn took the pistols from them, but still the firing went on. There was also disorder in the shoe-shop—the boys learn nothing there, and I have not had anything to do there the past year. The disorder has been worse of late than in former years. I think it is due to the increased liberty allowed boys, and from the fact that they are usually excused for misconduct; and not punished. There has been complaint about the food among the students, also of lack of school books, pens and slates. The meat was formerly very bad, but there has been no reason to complain since the legislature met. [Laughter.] The complaints of the food were general, and were the cause of disorder among the pupils. When Dr. Glenn became superintendent, I could not converse with him in the sign language, and could only communicate with him in writing. Mr. Gillette is my teacher; the superintendent never teaches the class. Three boys have been dismissed for misconduct and shooting. They said they did not want to stay at school any longer, but wanted to go home. The food made me sick, because the meat was not well cooked, the bread was hard and there was dirt in the food, the result of the cooking. I think. The pupils do not receive as good treatment in the sick room as they should. The nurse does not understand how to give medicines; I refer to Mrs. Taggart. We get enough food to eat now, but before we did not.

To Mr. Mason: We have religious exercises, conducted by Mr. Burt, Dr. Latham, Mr. Gillette, Mr. Vail and Mr. Houdyshell. Dr. Glenn never conducts these exercises; he is not able to do so.

Charles Dantzer: I am a student at the institution. Have been there since 1873. Since Dr. Glenn came the order has not been good. Dr. Glenn does not know how to look after the boys. They make a noise and he does not seem to know how to stop it. I can not talk to him in the sign language. I have heard complaints of the bread being hard. The servants give the good bread to the girls and the bad bread to the boys. The potatoes are not good—not worth giving to the hogs. The coffee has been better since the legislature met. The butter is bad; I never eat any of it. The meat is good, but not properly cooked. I once asked Dr. Glenn if I might go home, as I was sick. He told me I had better stay and go to the sick room. I went there and laid down on the bed. The nurse slapped me for it, and made me to get up. I got up and ran away home, and stayed away until I was well. When I went back, Dr. Glenn scolded me for running away, and I told him I would not do it again. It was before Dr. Glenn's time that I lost some money.

Alexander Hardee: I am supervisor of the boys at the institution. Have between seventy and eighty boys under my charge. The order is not as good within the past year. The boys often complain of the food, both as to quantity and quality. I don't know much of it myself, as I don't see them eat. I have seen butter that I thought was not good. The complaints have been more especially during the present school session. There has been some improvement in the food the past two weeks. I have been there the last five years. I can only speak the sign language a little. Dr. Glenn, when he came, could not speak the sign language at all. Now he can talk it a little. Doctor Glenn keeps a part of the accounts. I don't know whether he can do that well. I have bought shoes for the pupils in town by direction of Dr. Glenn. Since I testified here before I have had some trouble with "Mike" Lynch. He was drunk, and wanted to fight

me on account of the evidence I gave. Lynch is the hostler there. He met me a second time and threatened me again, in consequence of which I reported him to Dr. Glenn, and he said that Lynch would be discharged. He is still there, and I don't know whether he has been reprimanded or not. The second time he threatened me he was sober.

The committee adjourned until Monday evening.

The deaf and dumb investigating committee of the legislature held its fourth session last night.

Miss Dora Black, a pupil from Goodland, Ind., was the first witness. She testified:

I have frequently written home complaining of the food, which is poorly cooked, but there is sufficient furnished of the kind. The butter is a mixture of tallow or lard, the potatoes are not good, in fact, the vegetables are all bad. Dr. Glenn can not talk with me in sign language. When he became superintendent he had a slight knowledge of the language. The dissatisfaction in regard to the food is quite general, and I, personally, have heard a great deal of complaint from pupils.

Miss N. S. Hiatt, a teacher at the institution for the past 12 years, testified that the progress of the pupils in the school was good. There was a great deal of complaint about the food, especially since last fall. The bad order at the institution, she said, was caused by the inability of the superintendent and matron to talk in the sign language.

W. N. Burt was next examined. Mr. Burt is a teacher at the institution, having been employed as such for 14 years. Complaints, he said, had been made by a pupil, two months ago, about the teaching. He knows of no material change in the teaching under the management of Dr. Glenn. Dr. Glenn, he said, did not understand the sign language, nor could he speak intelligently with the pupils. He communicates with the children by writing, in nearly all cases.

Charles B. Howland, steward of the institution since October, 1871, testified that Dr. Glenn could not converse with pupils by the sign language when he became superintendent. Considering his intercourse with the pupils, he speaks enough, in this, that he speaks with them only when they call at the office. At times he answers them in writing. Dr. Glenn has personal supervision of the children, but can not talk with them. Mr. Howland said he attributed the disorder of the institution to its crowded condition, and that there was not a playground in which the children could take exercise during inclement weather.

The children, he said, complain at all times about the food; they always have done so. The pupils number 311, the average each school year being about 321. The number of girls is about 130. There are sixteen sleeping apartments for the entire school.

On cross-examination by Dr. Glenn, Mr. Howland gave a history of the culinary department, over which he has supervision, and said that the institution now had the best cooks that had ever been employed in the institution. The food was of good quality, and there was plenty of it. The beef he thought to be of better quality than furnished under the previous management.

Dr. Glenn, the superintendent of the institution, was sworn, and testified substantially as follows: He had been superintendent since May, 1879. Previous to this he had been variously occupied. He taught school in Pennsylvania and Mississippi, and practiced law afterward in the former state. He came west and practiced dentistry at Munice, Ind., then resumed the practice of law, but his health failing he took up dentistry once more. He had no practice or knew nothing of the sign language previous to being appointed superintendent.

The examinations of pupils were written, and his lack of knowledge in the sign language could not interfere with his knowledge of the ability and qualifications of the teachers. He never taught deaf and dumb children, but had had a great deal of experience in the management and teaching of children in other schools. He knew of but one complaint since he became superintendent. He spoke of the necessity of additional room, both for school and sleeping purposes.

Surprise Party.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the evening of the 28th ult., which day being the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding day, Mr. and Mrs. James N. Gilmore, of 24 Sibley St., Cleveland, O., were given a large surprise party. About twenty-four guests were present from among the most respectable mutes of the city. Upon a table in the dining-room, was displayed a glittering array of their crystal presents, to the admiration and satisfaction of all concerned in the affair. Thus this speaks volumes for the esteem and confidence, which the worthy couple still enjoy, of the community.

A sumptuous oyster supper was served, after which the merry company went into the parlors, and after some discussion among themselves, upon the feasibility of a monthly soiree, Ira Crandon, for he was a temporary chairman, appointed a committee of five for the next soiree.

Committee: Misses, McNealy, Reading, and Humphrey, Messrs, Gilmore, and Menucha. At the conclusion of the transaction, the guests took themselves to their parlor amusements; and now that the snow-storm

was raging without, most of them kept up their merriment till the dawn, when they broke up with the universal expression of having a good time. Many thanks are due Mrs. Thomson, Miss Smith, and Mr. Carroll, for the most brilliant success.

J. C.

CLEVELAND, March 1, 1881.

New England Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sunday, Feb. 24th, was a day long to be remembered with great gratification by the Woonsocket deaf-mutes. The names of those present were: Prof. Harry White, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman, of Providence; Henry D. Stillman, Erwin Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. Mowry, Mrs. Desire Mowry, George Legg, John F. Donnelly, and Mrs. Follett. There were eighteen persons in all, and all, except one, can understand the sign language.

At ten o'clock, the deaf-mutes began to arrive at the house of Mrs. Follett, where they enjoyed a social time for two hours in social conversation. The kind words of Mrs. Follett, "I welcome you to my house and its hospitality," made their hearts glad, and they looked upon her as their loving mother.

Time flew swiftly till half past twelve o'clock, when they were called to hear the lecture by Prof. White. Mrs. Follett, on seeing that all were properly seated, opened the meeting with prayer, by the urgent desire of the mutes. She hoped that the occasion would be means of uniting more firmly the tender ties, and that good will would prevail among the mutes. Then, J. F. Donnelly, the originator of the movement of Prof. White's lecture, rose and, in a few well chosen words, welcomed the lecturer, who thanked him for the compliment given him. Prof. White rose and, in a dignified manner, said that his subject would be "Religion and Morals"—more appropriate for Sunday. He told them that there are two kinds of character, religious and moral, and went on to show the difference between the former and latter. Moral character is entirely independent of God, but religious character is not. He illustrated two very interesting instances, one of which I will write below in brief.

Benjamin Franklin always advised young men to save every penny and one hundred cents would be great. Happening to have a few coppers, silver and gold pieces, he was at church, in England, to hear Rev. J. Whitefield lecture. Whitefield urged his hearers to help poor orphans, no matter how little they would give, and showed the reality of the feelings of orphans left in the world without paternal of maternal care. The heart of Franklin began to soften, he having never thought about the orphans, and he thought to himself he would give a few coppers, not silver and gold coins. But Whitefield began to soften and he thought he would give a few coppers and silver pieces, not gold. But Whitefield, in his best efforts, spoke of the importance of charity, and Franklin's heart became still more softened. When Whitefield's lecture was over, Franklin gave all his coppers, silver and goldpieces. This shows that he had moral character.

Prof. White then gave another illustration of religious character, in an anecdote of Pompeii. But want of space forbids my giving details of it. These two stories commanded the closet attention of the mutes. He said many things which were entirely new and instructive to them. He has few, if any, superiors in the ranks of the deaf-mute lecturers. His lecture occupied over an hour without any interruption. Then J. F. Donnelly moved that a vote of thanks be tendered Prof. White, and was seconded by Mr. Kinsman.

The savory odor of turkeys, pies, hot biscuits, etc., began to make the mutes hunger, and by and by they were assigned places at the well spread table. Prof. White invoked a blessing on the food about to be partaken of, and the mutes needed no further instruction from host or hostess. There was a pretty motto "Eat, drink, and be merry," on the wall. After ample justice to the repast, they repaired to the parlors. In compliance with the desire of the mutes, Mrs. Follett rendered the poem, "The Four Lonely Graves," with more than her usual well-known ability, and was encored, and sang a number of poems. Prof. White, being a reader of Sir Walter Scott's works, gave them a story about young Lochinvar, which was somewhat curtailed much to the disappointment of the mutes. Erwin Aldrich gave a rather ridiculous story, which resulted in roars of laughter. Then a contrast between the signs used in England and America was made by George Legg and Mrs. Follett, and created much curiosity among the mutes. Mr. Legg's signs were absurd, and were made mostly about the face, while Mrs. Follett's were more attractive and graceful. After this, the mutes reluctantly went home, and thus ended the day.

SHORTS.

Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, was expected here, but the mutes were doomed to disappointment, owing to his illness.

George Legg smoked a fragrant cigar, while driving to Mrs. Follett's house, and when at the house, he began to feel sick, and left without any suspicion on his part as to the cause thereof.

Prof. White was impressed with

the beauty of Jessie Stillman and Minnie Smith, the oldest daughter of Mrs. Follett, the former being a belle of Cumberland Hill and the latter a belle of Woonsocket Hill.

Mrs. Kinsman came secretly to Mrs. Follett's house on Saturday. Mr. Kinsman, who was detained by work till after seven o'clock p.m., took the train from Providence to Woonsocket, whence he went through a graveyard and thick forest, in order to take the shortest cut, and saw the beacon light in the house, at midnight, where his wife and Mrs. Follett were waiting for him. The mutes were surprised to see them Sunday.

Henry D. Stillman and his pretty hearing sister, Jessie, arrived at Mr. Follett's house, just before the lecture began. The mutes were surprised at seeing her, for she had to drive eight miles. They drove a spirited horse.

Monday, Feb. 21, it was snowing hard, and Miss Minnie Smith gave Prof. White her water-proof cloak to keep him from wet. He felt much pleased in it while on a three mile ride to the depot for the Worcester train. Minnie was kind.

NOTES AT LARGE.

Woonsocket was represented at the Worcester Levee by three mutes.

Woonsocket will be represented at the Hartford Asylum, next fall, for the first time, by a French Canadian mute named Carter.

It is reported that Mr. Henry D. Stillman thinks seriously of driving to Pawtucket soon to visit Misses Nichols and O'Garra. Look out for him, girls.

Mr. Jackson, in company with Messrs. Tasker and Lester and Mrs. Lester, went to Lewis' Opera House, Providence, to see Abbey's Humpty Dumpty, a fortnight ago, and enjoyed it hugely.

George Legg, recently emigrated from London to America, is confident that Rowell and Vaughan will win next March.

Mrs. Follett will get up a bible class as soon as the warm weather comes. We hope for a good attendance.

Erwin Aldrich's brother recently purchased twenty-five cows, a yoke of oxen and a strong horse in Canada. His barn presents a pleasing aspect with the long line of fine cattle. He is busy from dawn to night-fall.

Johnny Dwyer, who used to live in Pawtucket, is now working in Attleboro, where W. A. Jackson is working. We wish them success.

Allow me, in closing this letter, to say a few words to my friend Fred Smith. I would not intentionally write a word to displease any one, especially my friends. I intend to be a reliable correspondent at least. All I can say is that it is best to tell the truth. You had been at painting two months, and cannot, of course, command the wages of expert painters. I hoped that that price would please you, but was mistaken. "Shake hands across the bloody chasm," and I hope you will make \$1.85 in two or three years.

JOHN F. DONNELLY.

Feb. 27, 1881.

Social Gathering.

On the evening of the birthday of our immortal Washington, a small party, consisting of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, assembled in the cozy residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Reaves.

The pleasant rooms were rendered still more so by the bright smiles and cheerful countenances of those present. The guests entered with such ease indicating that their visits there were no uncommon occurrence. Their bright smiles were an indication of their own cheerfulness and gaiety, as also the anticipation of a pleasant greeting and entertainment at the hands of the host and hostess, undoubtedly a deduction from their experiences on former occasions.

After passing some time in lively conversation, we indulged in a number of social games. In a game of "forfeits" Mr. Reaves, in whom there is a continual flow of witicism, was chosen to impose the fines to redeem the articles taken. One gentleman was required to mention the names of all the ladies he had visited during the year, a task undoubtedly difficult, a tax upon the memory for so extensive a recapitulation, but still more humiliating to make so open a "confessio amantis" for all the amiable and beautiful ladies of his acquaintance.

Another was to play the role of lover to a certain young lady. Her rejection was really a most comical scene, putting one in mind of the lines— "Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "I don't think of the like, For I have gave a promise to soothing Mike The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound." "Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground." Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!

At the usual hour a very tempting repast was served. Everything was so well prepared and so neatly served, and perhaps, the fact that we were waited on by a number of the fairest made the refreshments doubly sweet and delicious. Of those who had the good fortune to be present I will mention Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight, to the latter of whom the writer had the pleasure of being introduced, and had quite an entertaining chat. She is a very amiable and fascinating lady; one must admire her beautiful disposition. Miss Sonneborn, Mr. Jacques Loew, Miss Putnam, of Saratoga; Mr. Hymann, Miss Reed, Mr. McClellan, Miss H. Sonneborn, Mr. Souweine, Miss

Koffman (hearing), Mr. Guggenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Miss Jonas, Mr. Sonneborn and others.

All enjoyed the occasion immensely, in fact, as well, if not better, than any occasion of the kind during the season. Indeed the memory of it will long remain with the participants.

ONE OF THEM.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1881.

Minnesota News and Facts.

Minnesota is a good place for the news gatherer, and a fellow can walk here and fill his head with facts in less than no time. Pretty lively place, isn't it?

Just come out here and see them try and get hold of "Renville's" coat-tail. He has watched all their endeavors, and must pronounce them a failure. For the sake of giving them a little clue, he will inform them that as long as they dwell upon the devoted heads of the first class, they will never get hold of him.

The event of the season has just taken place. Washington's birthday was celebrated in one form on Tuesday the 22d. After chapel exercises in the forenoon, the boys got Superintendent Noyes out of his office and gave him the grandest sleigh-ride he ever had in his life. Although they took him out on one of their bobs, it would be no better, had they used Vanderbilt's best cutter. At ten o'clock several large sleighs came up and took the pupils out riding. An hour and three quarters was consumed in this sport, which would probably be longer had the weather not been so cold. The writer, although not accompanying them, can say that they had a tip-top ride.

In the evening at seven, all repaired to the chapel to have an exercise, which we cannot christianize. On the black-board was a large picture of George Washington, drawn by Olof Norling, whose work totally eclipses that of Michael Angelo. After some of the masculine sexes had told the story of "George Washington and his little hatchet," and the nigger who spit tobacco juice in his face, etc., the pupils began to play like sixty. The sport wound up with "some things" to eat, given by our matron in our roomy dining hall.

A number of the boys enjoyed an oyster dinner some time ago. It was a little Frenchman who went after the milk to stew them in.

The passenger train reported as having got stuck in a snow drift, has got out. The passengers do not report much fun in the enterprise, so don't make an investment in that direction.

Some of the pupils want to know who is going to accompany the teacher of the first class to Europe next summer. The lady to the next door?

In a late issue of the JOURNAL, there appeared an article in reference to the Maryland Institution, which claims that one of her boys passed the best examination at the National Deaf-Mute College. Now, that is untrue. No boy, in the annals of the college, ever passed a better examination than James L. Smith, of Minnesota. When Smith gives out to some other boy, it is the signal for all the rest to do the same, but you bet he won't. So mote it be.

Upon the arrival of the JOURNAL, containing "Renville's" last letter, a number of the boys were seen to quickly skip up to their rooms and make use of their razors. Perhaps they didn't want to be taken for some of the "elated" chaps.

A. W. N. observes that "Renville" is awful smart. Another person thinks he is a big fool. Thanks for your opinions, ladies.

One of our boys went to the dentist the other day to have a big bone taken out of his head. It took the professional two hours to do his duty. The next time a span of oxen will be indispensable.

A fire company has been organized among the boys. The first drill was given on the 26th ult. The foreman is T. Gage, who considers himself omniscient, and the way he handles the hose shows that he is quite the reverse.

The members of the first class had a little nerve-trying business last week. In plain English, they were examined, and managed to do credit to their beloved teacher, who always makes every class he undertakes a success. It is only to be mourned by the boys that he is a bachelor. They would like to see him take a better half. He wouldn't have much trouble getting one.

One of the boys received a visit from his brother some time ago. Said person weighed 500 pounds, and was a jolly fellow. He didn't break through the floor as some expected him to.

So far, we have received no stamps with a request for "Mr. Why's" name. May-be you are too mad to send them, so we will have rare patience and wait till you cool off.

"Liz."

There is a young lady by the name of "Liz." Who takes it for granted as her "big" "To warn us off the R.R. track " "Lost we got an awful whack."

Now it comes into our head That she has a lover, not yet dead; About as dead as a cider-smill, Whom she is afraid the cars will kill.

When they are married it won't be so; Their lives will be filled with foreseen woe, And she'll wish she hadn't extended The advice so kindly intended.

Dear "Liz," make some sweetheart Make his travels in an express cart, And worry yourself not of us, For we will make an awful fuss.

RENNVILLE.

Flint Correspondence.

The editor of the *Mirror* is no longer a "standard" bearer, and we doubt if he will ever "smile again."

Collins C. Colby has found it necessary to give up work for a time, as his optics are not what he would have them.

One of Flint's deaf-mutes, who has a yearning to see the world on a small scale, thinks of following Horace Greeley's advice to help advance the stride of Western empire.

The pupils of the Institution had their annual sleigh ride on the 21st ult., and the exhilarating exercise which was enjoyed to the fullest extent, had the effect of transforming them from "hot-house exotics" into blooming roses. There was nothing to be added to the world's chapter of accidents.

Charles Adair, of East Saginaw, put in an appearance some time since, and of course had a long yarn to spin concerning his prosperity in the cigar business. Will he send us a fragrant "E. B.," as the odor is anything but pleasing to our olfactorys.

An exhibition, chiefly of a comic nature, was the order of the evening on the 26th ult., at the "Castle of Silence," but the laughter created was not sufficiently great to knock the spectators into eternity. A prominent feature was the military organization and the various evolutions through which they went reflected credit upon those who never had the distinguished honor of serving beneath the folds of the "Stars and Stripes."

John Ansbrow, Jr., reports business as booming, which fact we are happy to chronicle. The "Son of the Emerald Isle" is well patronized by the hearing public, and a favorable breeze is wafting him to the shores of prosperity.

The Institution pupils will, perhaps, with the approach of genial weather, reorganize the Olympic base ball club. It was in 1878 that the club had reached the meridian of its renown, having never sustained defeat; but as most of the members who constituted it at that time, are now battling for an existence on the glorious arena of life, it is a question of doubt if it will ever be able to retrieve its former reputation. Look out for your laurels, boys.

The youngest child of Mrs. Will. H. DeMotte, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, and subsequently a teacher in the Michigan School, entered upon its second year on the 7th, and though comparatively young, is making rapid progress in the mysteries of the sign-language.

As Miss E. A. Hall is to sever her connection with the Institution as Matron, to accept the Superintendency of the State Reform School for girls by the first of July. It is perhaps not yet known who is to be her successor, but we know of no one better qualified for the position than Mrs. Z. K. DeMotte, of Toledo, Ohio, who once served the School in the same capacity. Her kind disposition and the interest she took in the welfare of the pupils, endeared her to all, who would like to see her once more at her old post.

It seems from present appearances that the "Female College Subject" is dying by degrees, and soon will be consigned to eternal oblivion. Oceans of ink and cords of paper have been wasted on a subject which has as yet accomplished no definite results, but on the contrary, the champions of the cause have given the public fits by their zig-zag orations and vapory rhetoric. Hope the "fair ones" will take their defeat as "cool as a cucumber."

J. S.

FLINT, March 5, '81.

Connecticut Jottings.

Legislature of Connecticut paid the American Asylum a visit on the 2d inst.

Ira H. Derby stopped in Hartford to pay his *Alma Mater* a visit on the 4th inst. He then left for Bridgeport to pay his sister Mrs. Beers a visit. Rev. W. W. Turner would like to see him.

Previous notice was sent out to the deaf-mutes living in and around Norwich, Ct., informing them that Mr. W. H. Weeks of the American Asylum Hartford, Ct., would hold services on the 27th inst. Last Sabbath, in spite of the unpleasant weather all the deaf-mutes of Mr. H. V. Edmonds Sabbath School were present quite early in Park Con. Church chapel.

The subject given by Mr. Weeks was "the mystery of God's ways." He made selections from both ancient and modern history to prove the feasibility of his lecture. It was both interesting and instructive.

In the afternoon, the silent people attended Sabbath school as usual. But their teacher, Mr. Edmonds, on account of not feeling well, had to be excused, so Mr. Weeks took his place. It is hoped that Mr. Weeks will come again.

It is a pleasure to note that the deaf-mutes after leaving school always seek employment of some sort. The reason why there are so many deaf-mutes in this place is, here they find employment and in addition have the privilege of attending service regularly. They are employed as type setters, locksmiths, painters, cabinet makers, two work in a factory, one is a wool sorter and spinner, and another runs four different machines for manufacturing revolvers. They are improvements over the old ones.

AN OBSERVER.

NORWICH, Feb. 28, 1881.